

"DICKY'S" AND 'KERCHIEFS

Miss Bannin Gives a Biographical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of an Important Article of Male Attire.

How the Artistic Handkerchiefs Used by Ladies are Manufactured.

BOOKBINDING AND BOXMAKING.

Lighter and pleasanter and very pretty work the girls occupied in bookbinding and boxmaking have, though, as all the employees are paid by piecework, of course there is here, as everywhere, the necessity for constant application on the part of each worker, from the little boy who stands between every two cover-makers, pasting the back and side slips of book covers as fast as his brush can go, to the stamper who impresses upon the finished binding the name and design presently to be gilt upon the perfect book. There is a large trade in boxes done with America, candy-boxes making an important item in the exports, and I wondered much was it a covert satire of Messrs. Ward & Co.'s upon the exceeding amount of outside-surface words and flashy binding, as it were—that there is so much of in the present day education, that very learned looking or practical looking little volumes, great piles of which attracted me, upon inspection turned out to be nothing more or less than candy boxes. For intellectual Boston were whole libraries of Browning, Swinburne, Aristotle, Plato, Bacon, and a host of delightfully intellectual writers upon anything but candy. But let us be learned or die!

Messrs. Ward & Co. do not undertake much work as publishers. They chiefly issue editions of standard works and print for those who pay for and sell their own books, but of these they seem to have a certain amount of business always on hand. Among other portions of the work connected with this department one is greatly interested in watching the young girls marking the printed sheets which which the folding machines seize and swallow so rapaciously and turn out, correctly numbered and ready to be stitched and bound into real books. We see

THE SHARP GUILLOTINE

cutting swiftly and steadily through reams of paper in a moment, and get an enthusiastic lecture from the owner of the guillotine, who demonstrates that he is neither a child nor a fool by playing with his horribly keen-edged tool, running his fingers along the edge of the blade in quite an affectionate way, and explains that he can do so precisely because the edge is so exquisitely fine.

In a large wareroom are scores of young girls busy at all the stages of envelope-making; some cutting out the forms, others deftly fitting the envelopes into gauged frames, and, with a few touches of the brush, putting the mourning edge upon them; others again gumming, more folding; again, counting and sorting; at another table busy fingers put the little paper straps around the bundles, which are laid to rest for a while in their neat boxes, to be finally distributed, with good or ill tidings, to every quarter of the world. There is some tasteful artistic work to be seen in the artist's sanctum, where many a youth's talent has been kindly fostered. Most of the beautiful designs used by Messrs. Ward are from the pencils of their own special artists, and it is their custom to encourage talent when they see it among their young employees. If a youth, engaged upon any of the mechanical portions of the lithographing and other art work, shows a decided taste and originality in art, he is sent to the school of design, and receives at Messrs. Ward's what is the surest help-employment. The cleverest illustrator of the present day in England, Mr. Hugh Thompson, began his career in the artist's room at Messrs. Ward's. The gentleman who is at the head of the department recognized Mr. Thompson's genius, advised the young man, of whose success he felt assured, to go to London, and all the reading world who delight in Mr. Hugh Thompson's

FINE ILLUSTRATIONS

of their favorite authors, the beloved old Sir Roger de Coverly among them, have reason to know how wise an advice that was. At present a younger brother of Mr. Thompson's is among the art students painting in Messrs. Ward's studio, and he bids fair to follow in his brother's footsteps.

The only thing I regretted in my visit to the studio was to see but one lady at work among so many artists, and that in an establishment where women's labor is largely availed of in the humble branches, for some hundreds of young girls, all of a very respectable class, and constant employment here in the lighter branches of the trade.

After Messrs. Ward & Co.'s warerooms, no factory that I have seen in Belfast interested me so much as that of the Hope Street Hemstitching Company (Messrs. McKinnon & Sons), where, from the time it leaves the weaver's loom until packed so daintily in its ribbon-tied box, we are shown all the transitions a piece of cambric goes through before it becomes a lady's pocket-handkerchief, or a piece of linen is transformed into a gentleman's collar; likewise we follow the manufacture of that article of gentlemen's wear known to the latter and to the trade by the very unromantic sounding name of "a Dickey," which I found to be a curious construction

combining a collar with a sort of linen chest-preserver, very finely and carefully got up. I am particular in describing this ornament, because its name worried me. I felt there must be some profound reason for "Dickey" as title for a work of art. Sure enough I found, of all places in the world, in the work of a learned antiquarian and historian, that there is a good reason for perpetuating the word in connection with an article of dress calculated to add to the beauty of its wearers; and as these are counted by the millions, I will give the true cause of the inventor of the "Dickey" so calling it.

At the close of the seventeenth century a family of this name, who had come from Ayrshire, were

SETTLED IN Ayrshire.

and had intermarried with the old Irish clans of O'Neil and O'Mulholland. They evidently lived in peace and hearty good-will among their Catholic neighbors, for we are told that in the penal times, when Catholics were prohibited from holding lands by lease, members of the Dickey family took out leases in their own names for Catholics and thus held properties safely for those who would otherwise have lost all by confiscation. A tradition has been passed down in the family that, in a time of severe persecution, an ancestor saved the lives of two priests, the Rev. Daniel Mulholland and the Rev. Father O'Neil. In gratitude, the priests "blessed the family praying that for seven generations all the men of it might be rich and the women beautiful." The northerners are a very shrewd and in some ways a superstitious people. By giving this name to their combined collar and linen breast-plate, they hope to bring on the wearers the blessings, both of riches and of beauty. This is not fair; the women should have their Dickey also. It is true that something has been said by certain prosaic people as to a gentleman named Dickey having started bleaching works, and hence they pretend—the name. But the true origin is as I give it, and I feel not a little proud of the result of my researches into the origin of this most unepithetous name.

Such are the magic collars and fronts that are made at the Hope street hemstitching factory, an establishment where, in these days of extra dainty handkerchiefs, ladies especially would become interested and astonished to see all that their prettily embroidered little morsels of cambric have to go through at the hands of their

HAND-WORKING SISTERS

and of the weaver. First, at the hands of the weaver who, at his hand-loom (for all the really fine cambric must be made by the hand loom), weaves the delicate fabric, perhaps away in some distant Ayrshire glen; and at the hands of the young peasant girls in their Donegal cabins, who work the dainty sprays in the corner of the handkerchief; of the girls who sit all day long drawing threads evenly out of the cambric, for the guidance of the folders and hem stitchers who so deftly turn down and stitch the hems and the many rows of "relais" in the border of the washers, clear starchers, and ironers who toil so hard in the hot laundry and ironing-rooms—curious little worlds in themselves, where the common-place trades of washing, bleaching, starching, and ironing rise into something like high art. From the laundry the handkerchiefs go to the folders, who, even for this part of the process, do all by careful rule and measurement, and finally are passed on to the packers, who tie them with narrow ribbon and pack them in pretty fancy boxes. Yet, after all these processes, and many more that I have not space to enumerate, three or four shillings will buy a very dainty and exquisite one indeed, which, when it appears at an afternoon dance or band promenade, looks just as fascinating as it gushes in a little rill from the bosom of a cambric gown as does the charmed "Dickey" escorting it. It is said that on such occasions, however, but this is not the place for romantic tales.

Another business connected with handkerchiefs is to be seen at the print works, and a visit to the latter includes a charming drive to Dunmurry, as pretty a village as any around Belfast. At the Dunmurry Print Works, as elsewhere, the greatest courtesy is shown in exhibiting and explaining to strangers each process in the printing of the various colored designs we see in muslins and cambrics. There the designer is preparing his

PATTERNS FOR HAND PRINTING, some of which we see carved in wood on the spot; others, again, which are made (in England) of a preparation of lead and copper, are in course of being set in the proper patterns in the frames prepared for them. These again we follow in the printing room as they are stamped—in red, black, or blue—so carefully by hand upon yard after yard of the goods that come here in great bales from England as well as from Ireland, to be dyed and printed for the home and foreign trade; the latter includes exports to the West Indies, for whose negroes are destined the quantities of brilliant colored kerchiefs that attract the eye among the goods in the steam printing department. Here also are laundry and steam drying, as well as curious machines for drying goods simply by the process of swift motion. The wet goods are placed in a sort of round iron vat, perforated with innumerable holes; this vat is made to revolve with extraordinary rapidity, and revolve with the machine wet comes out as if it had been dried in the sun or at a fire. Another curious operation is to be seen here in that of beetling. The fabrics which have been washed and are to be "beetled" are folded smoothly upon large cylinders, which revolve slowly as the folder places the linen upon them. This done, the beetles are set in motion. These consist of a long row of heavy wooden beams, set perpendicularly above the roller and looking like a range of organ pipes. The machinery sets these in rapid motion, and, as the cylinder beneath revolves, the wooden beams, working like a series of hammers, beat the folds upon the fabric, a process which gives it a smooth and even surface.—*Mary Bannin in the Dublin Freeman.*

O'BRIEN'S WORDS.

Those for the Utterance of Which, at Meelin, County Cork, He Was Arrested.

The Irish People Must Feed Themselves At Any Cost.

Subjoined is the full text of that portion of Mr. O'Brien's speech delivered at Meelin, County Cork, on Sept. 7, for which he has been, with John Dillon and others, arrested by the English Government: "Our chairman of to-day, Rev. Father O'Keefe, has referred to the fact that there is before us a terrible and bitter and heartrending season so far as the small farmers and the laborers of Ireland are concerned. But I venture to say that it will be their own fault and their own crime if a single man, woman or child dies of starvation in Ireland this winter in a country that has produced food enough for three times its population [cheers]. So far as the small struggling farmers are concerned, if they pay one penny of rent this winter until the wants and the necessities of their families are amply and honestly provided for, then I say upon their own heads be the consequences, and they have no business going to make begging appeals for alms to the Irish race.

THEY WILL HAVE TO LOOK TO MR. BALFOUR

and his sublime scheme of preventing Irish starvation by tinkering schemes of light railways [cheers and laughter]. As far as the laborers are concerned, I must say for myself, giving only my own opinion, that I believe they would be perfectly within their right in demanding from the boards of guardians, if nobody else will do it for them, wherever their potatoes have been ruined, that they shall receive the value of their crop, and if the board of guardians have the courage to deal out relief in this manner boldly, I think we can promise that we will hammer the extra relief out of the Government, who in the face of this great national misfortune have nothing to show except golfing in England and light railways in Ireland. If the small farmers and the laborers of Ireland who are threatened with distress and with famine this winter take my advice they will look for relief, not to Mr. Balfour, but they will look for relief to the example of men like

THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

[Loud cheers.] Believe me, if you had a Tipperary planted in every county in Ireland you would find mighty few Smith-Barrys [groans] to undertake schemes of eviction in Ireland this winter. The fact of it is the Irish race throughout the globe are sick of appeals for alms for men who will slavishly hand over their lands to the pockets of the landlords in the shape of rents. But the Irish race are not tired and will never tire of spending, if necessary, their last dollar, and to shed their last drop of blood to support the fight of men like yourselves, and to support the battle of the men of Tipperary, because that battle goes down to the roots of the whole question and you recognize, and the men of Tipperary recognize, that what is the matter in Ireland is not the potato blight, but the landlord blight.

AND THE DUBLIN CASTLE BLIGHT.

[Cheers.] And your battle and the battle of Tipperary is a battle to the death against that whole infernal system of landlordism and Castle rule that has been worse ten thousand times than the potato blight keep hunger and famine haunting this fertile land of ours [cheers]. At all events whoever is in terror of hunger or famine this winter in Ireland need be no fear of hunger among the men of Meelin, or among any other body of men in Ireland who are fighting the battle of Ireland [cheers]. The whole resources of the Irish Parliamentary Party with Mr. Parnell at their head are pledged to you, and the purses of the whole Irish race throughout the world are pledged to you [cheers]. Somebody tells me that Lord Salisbury is calculating that he will prevent me from going to America this winter by his dastardly little notice from the Bankruptcy court. That is what this brave and

MAGNANIMOUS COURAGEOUS GOVERNMENT are reduced to after four years of removable law and of police law in Ireland—a step of meanness and malignancy to which a powerful Government, I venture to say, never was reduced before [cheers]. Well, it remains to be seen whether Lord Salisbury will figure much more triumphantly than he figured as a runaway tumbler and blackmailer [cheers]. But this one thing is certain, that for the one pound that I could get for our Irish struggle in America, John Dillon will receive ten pounds if by any despicable dodge or trickery Lord Salisbury should prevent me from accompanying him, because—and remember this always—the English Government is now dealing with a united and determined Irish race. Irish hearts are in this cause who know that success in this generation depends upon the issue of struggles like this, and who, as I have said already, are prepared to spend their last shilling and to share their last crust with the men who are our nation's soldiers, and who will yet be our nation's deliverers. [Loud cheers.]

OBITUARY.

MRS. COLLINS.

Mrs. Catherine Collins died at her residence, No. 3045 Duane street, on the 26th inst., at the age of 63 years. She was a delicate health for a number of years and

was fully consoled by the last rites of the Catholic Church, in which she was a devout worshipper. She leaves nine children in this city, and a large number of other relatives and friends to mourn her loss. She was a good mother and a kind neighbor. The funeral took place from the Sacred Heart Church, where a high mass of requiem was offered, and thence by carriages to Calvary. The funeral was very largely attended.

"WARPATH AND BIVOUAC."

[New York Sun.]

The campaign against the Sioux Indians in the summer of 1876 afforded incidents of such picturesque and tragic interest that description of it seems hardly likely to be overdone. For the narrative of an eye-witness who rode with Crook's command, and who bore a part in the fighting on the Rosebud and elsewhere under that active and daring commander, there is certainly room. In "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," John F. Finerty tells an easy, off-hand, readable story of the experiences of a civilian and a novice in the business of war in that memorable expedition. Mr. Finerty went out with Gen. Crook as the correspondent of the Chicago Times. He supposed he was going with Custer, and was only prevented by Mr. Storey's desire that his correspondent should go where there was the strongest likelihood of a fight. "Terry commands over Custer," said Mr. Storey, "and Crook, who knows more about the Indians, is likely to do the hard work." So the author of "Warpath and Bivouac" went with Gen. Crook, and, in pursuit of the desire to see the hottest fighting, escaped the fate of Mark Kellogg, the correspondent who was killed with Custer in the battle on the Little Big Horn.

Mr. Finerty, bearing a letter of introduction from Gen. Sheridan, applied to Gen. Crook in Omaha. He describes the Indian fighter as a spare, athletic man of 40, with fair hair, clipped close, and a blonde beard, which seemed to part naturally at the point of the chin. His nose was long and aquiline, his blue gray eyes bright and piercing. The General received him pleasantly, instructed him to buy a horse, and sent him off to join the expedition at Fort Russell. On the way Mr. Finerty met several of the officers who were to engage in the coming campaign, among them Lieut. von Lutwitz, a German veteran addicted to war, who had passed unscathed through a score of battles in Europe. A few weeks later the lieutenant's knee was shattered by an Indian bullet, and the surgeons were constrained to cut his leg off.

The interest in Mr. Finerty's book lies largely in his narration of the minor incidents of camp and battle. The hardships endured by the troops, their recollections of personal prowess; the agonizing matters of the sort receive the attention of the author. He has the reporter's eye and the reporter's skillful pencil. Some of his pictures are sufficiently realistic, as for instance, his account of the wounding of Col. Gen. Henry in the battle on the Rosebud. In repelling a charge that broke the ridge of his nose, and destroyed the optic nerve in one eye. Temporarily blinded as he was, and throwing blood from his mouth by the handful, Henry lay on his horse for several minutes in front of the enemy. He finally fell, and the Sioux charged over his body, but they were repelled, and he was rescued. Several hours later Mr. Finerty saw him lying on a blanket, his face covered with a bloody cloth, around which the summer flies were buzzing fiercely, and a soldier keeping the wounded man's horse in such a position as to throw the animal's shadow upon the gallant sufferer. "When I ventured to console with the colonel," Mr. Finerty adds, "he merely said, in a low but firm voice, 'It is nothing. For this we are soldiers; and forthwith he did me the honor of advising me to join the army!'

Mr. Finerty intimates that Gen. Crook was lucky to come out from the battle on the Rosebud as he did, although his coming out was a retreat. If circumstances had not upset the general's original plan of falling upon the Indian village, his entire force of 1,100 men, Mr. Finerty thinks, would have been annihilated by the 5,000 warriors who were prepared to swarm out against it. The general loved to hunt, and was accustomed on a march to ride far in advance of the column. That the enemy did not swoop down and capture him on one of these occasions was due to the general's good luck, Mr. Finerty suggests, rather than to his good management.

A dangerous scouting expedition under Lieut. Sibley, a starvation march in the course of which the troops ate their own horses, and the killing of several women and a papoose in the fight at Slim Buttes and described with graphic detail, and there is a good deal beside in regard to the ultimate conquest of Sitting Bull and his formidable people. The first aim of the author evidently was to produce an interesting book. This he has done. It is readable and spirited, and there is much to learn from it in addition to the entertainment which it provides.

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A GREAT BOOK.

The Long Buried "Three Shafts of Death," Written by Rev. Geoffrey Keating, Given to the World at Last.

Comments of a Severe but Patriotic Correspondent.

[To the Editor.]

Among the many books of Irish literature that have been brought out during the last ten or twelve years, Dr. Keating's "Three Shafts of Death" is probably the most important. It has just appeared in print, brought out under the auspices of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, and admitted by Robert Atkinson, professor of Sanscrit in Trinity College in that city. The book has not yet been translated into English, and, for my part, I would much rather it never would be, in order that people should learn to read it in Irish. It has lain in manuscript for almost three hundred years; all that has so far been done is to publish the book in the Irish language, with a glossary of every word in it, so that even a novice in the language can, with a little patience and work, understand it fully. It is a very large book, making about 300 pages of closely printed Irish text. The glossary takes up nearly 200 pages more; so that, altogether, it makes a large volume, and it can be had for the very moderate sum of three shillings and six pence, English money. I have read the book through, and while nothing can exceed the beauty of the old Irish type in which it is printed, common sense compels me to say that it would have been much better to have brought it out in the common, and now universally known, Roman letter. I am, unfortunately only a very poor Irish scholar, but even with my imperfect knowledge of the language, have corrected over a hundred typographical errors in it; and it can safely be said that an immense majority of these errors have arisen from the use of the old form of the Roman letter, generally known as Saxon or Irish; too strange to say, Z was and the Continental European Gaelic scholars invariably style the Irish letters "Saxon," for no other reason, it seems to me, than because the Saxons used them; but as it is well known that those barbarians had no written language when they invaded England in the fifth century of our era, it is fair to conclude that their language was first reduced to writing by Irish monks and missionaries, who, of course, wrote it in their own characters. But Saxon or Celtic letters are nothing but a modified form of the Roman, just as the Gothic or German letters are. O'Donovan and O'Curry have admitted this. The modern type, generally known as "Roman," is certainly the most improved form of old Latin letter, and in my opinion, it is a great mistake to print Irish, in any letter but "Roman." The great thing, to be desired in printing Irish, or in fact any language, is to have it printed correctly, and in that manner in which it can be most easily understood; this can hardly be done as well in the old letter as in the Roman, and principally from the fact that so few printers are familiar with the former. It has been said that using the letter A instead of the dot for aspiration of consonants gives the Irish language a very uncouth appearance. This may or may not be the case; but correctness is greatly to be preferred to appearances. It may be set down as an absolute truth that 75 per cent of the typographical errors in the book under notice have arisen from the use of the old letter and the dot.

But these things are, after all, only of small import. The "Three Shafts of Death" is a wonderful book, and Dr. Keating was a wonderful man. Never, not even in the great theological works of Thomas a Kempis and of St. Thomas, was there a greater amount of learning or Christian knowledge displayed than in this magnificent treatise by an almost unknown Irish priest. It may not be so eloquent or poetic as the "Imitation of Christ," but it possesses a picturesque quality of style and a minuteness of detail that can hardly be found in any other book that explains the broad principles of the scheme of salvation, and the doctrine of the Catholic Church. The extraordinary knowledge of the Scriptures, of the writings of the Fathers, of pagan Greek and Latin literature, of the author, is manifested in every page. Great as was Melloy's in the Irish language—it cannot compare with the "Three Shafts of Death" in profundity of learning, mastery of subject and knowledge of human nature. If the work under notice be not the greatest theological work ever written in any language, it is certainly one of the greatest, yet—wonder of wonders! It is a fact that it was published, not two score of persons, and probably not a dozen priests, ever read it!

While as an Irish Catholic I feel profound gratitude to the Irish Academy for publishing this great book, and to Dr. Atkinson for the scholarly way in which

he has edited it, I feel my cheeks burning red with shame and my pulse beating quick with indignation when I reflect that the Irish Catholic hierarchy and the Irish Catholic people suffered this glorious proof of Irish Catholic learning and piety to remain unprinted for three hundred years, until at last it had to be published by what may be called a Protestant Englishman! I say from my heart's depths, and would say it even if the ban of excommunication were held over me, God bless that Protestant institution and that Protestant Englishman for publishing and editing in the language of our free forefathers one of the greatest Christian and Catholic works ever written in any climate, time or language!

It has to be admitted by every Irishman, and admitted with sorrow and shame, that the only reason this book was not published centuries ago,—the only reason why it was not translated into half a dozen languages, and why it can not be found in the library of every priest in Ireland, was because it was written in the Irish language! Good God! can it be that that church for which Ireland has suffered so much, sacrificed so much and fought so much is an enemy of everything in the shape of Irish nationhood? If anyone can explain to me why one of the greatest explanations of Catholic doctrine ever written was suffered to lie in manuscript for about three hundred years, on any other grounds than because it was written in Irish, I will be only too glad to take back any suggestions I may have made that the church desired the extinction of the Irish language and the consequent denationalization of the Irish people. To ban the Irish language, and to teach the Irish people to despise it, was a poor way to counteract the influence of "Superstition." To kill a language and a literature in which the Irish first received their faith—a language and a literature redolent with the very essence of Catholicism, and to substitute for them a language and a literature thoroughly impregnated with hatred for Catholicism and for Ireland was such a mistake as it is impossible to believe that the Catholic church could ever have made unless she was led astray by the councils of some of those in whom she trusted. Ireland is the only country on earth in which the church can be accused of having made such a gigantic blunder. She has carefully and lovingly fostered the French language in Lower Canada, and she has done the same thing in Louisiana. She exercises her influence to prevent the Flemish language from being displaced by French in Belgium, knowing full well that modern infidelity is so tainted with infidelity. Up to a very recent period people in the remote parts of Ireland that knew no language but Irish, and who never heard Irish sermons preached generally from the altars of the churches in which they worshipped. There are, even now, many parishes in Ireland where numbers of the old people do not know much English—who cannot understand a sermon in that language, but who never hear one in Irish. I can myself name some of those parishes. It is, however, pleasant to be able to believe that the church now sees plainly the error into which she was by some means led relative to the Irish language, and that in the near future we may hear of sermons being preached in Irish in places where that language has not been heard from the altar for half a century.

I said that it is a pity to translate this wonderful book into English, for it will prevent many of our clergymen from learning to read it in the original. They have it now published and printed. Every word in it is explained in a copious glossary annexed to the book. Let them by all means tackle it in the original. The perusal of it will do them an infinity of good; and when they have read it they shall have mastered the Irish language and will be able to give spiritual comfort to thousands of their flock to whom Gaelic is yet a precious inheritance. I earnestly trust that Mr. Atkinson will not translate this book into English, at least for some time. He announces, however, that he is going to translate it.

The modern student of Gaelic will find some difficulty in understanding the "Three Shafts of Death," even with the aid of the glossary. Dr. Keating, unfortunately, uses many obsolete words and forms; the former can be explained by the glossary, but the latter cannot. "Da mbl," for instance, is used instead of "da bhfuil." "Ni bh" instead of "ni bh fuil;" "bhears me" instead of "tabairfidh me." I will give. The spelling of many words is somewhat archaic. "Fa gaim," I leave always spelled "faghaim." Some words beginning with f in the present language have that letter omitted in this book. "Fainim." I stay or remain, is spelled "ainim;" but a very small amount of Gaelic will enable any one who can read Gaelic to understand this book as now written, to understand this book perfectly. The most serious divergence from modern Gaelic that I am finding in this book is the omission of the h in the fore words beginning with "an" and a simple preposition. Dr. Keating writes "ar a seaghal" instead of "ar an seaghal." The omission of the h in such instances is certainly an error, for the very most ancient manuscripts, and is always used in the spoken Gaelic of every part of Ireland and Scotland where it is yet spoken, except in the Munster, the very place to which Dr. Keating belonged. He probably followed the usage of his own locality. But the omission would not in any way mislead the reader as to the meaning.

There is not an Irish Catholic family in the world that should not have a copy of this great book, and certainly no Irish Catholic priest should be without it, for was for them, principally, that it was written.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they send me their Express and P.O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.D., Pearl Street, New York.

SHAN VAN VOCHT.

A STORY OF THE United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Rosch, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "N'He, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Cloughogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

NEWS FROM FRANCE

Redmond and his friend proceeded on foot to the city. The night was clear and starlight; and, as the tide was full, in their walk along the seashore, with the murmur of the waves in their ears, was very pleasant.

Arrived in the city, they separated, with an arrangement to meet at the Eagle, a famous inn that then stood in Eustace street.

The Frenchman proceeded swiftly in the direction of the quays. Arrived at a narrow street leading off the Southern quay, he came to a public house, in the window of which a small oil lamp was burning. There was but little appearance of business in the shop, and the hostess sat knitting, in the absence of customers, behind the counter.

Lifting his hat courteously, to which salutation the good looking landlady replied with a smile of recognition and welcome, he passed rapidly through, and, pushing a door open, ascended a narrow and lightless stairs that led upwards. When he had groped his way to the top he turned the handle of a door and entered.

A flood of light burst on his vision as he did so. The apartment which he entered was splendidly lighted, and its comfortable—nay, elegant—appearance was but little indicated by the exterior of the house or the shop. A number of gentlemen were scattered about—some seated, some standing, and some playing at billiards. Evidently they had been expecting him, for there was a general movement towards the fireplace as he entered.

"Late in coming, Eugene!" said a handsome looking man, as he presented the newcomer with his cigar case, the while the diamond ring on his finger flashed its scintillations around.

"A little later than I intended, but not too late, I hope."

"In these uncertain times it is difficult to say whether one is too early or too late," said another, whose foreign accent betrayed him as not of Irish origin.

"Why, Antoine," said Eugene quickly, "has the messenger come?"

"He is here since dusk."

"What news does he bring?"

"Excellent—but he is here to speak for himself."

At this moment a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, turning round, a young fellow, whose boyish face was round and soft as a girl's, and whose age was certainly not more than 18, stood before him.

"Hallo! Frangia," said Eugene in much surprise; "is it you that have come this time?"

"Yes, mon capitaine," said the youth laughingly, "I thought I should come over and see what this new country is like, and how it may look with the French banners flying over it."

"Well, I certainly did not expect to see you here, Frangia, but you are welcome to Irish soil. Any dispatches?"

"Yes, here they are," said the youth, as, pressing a spring in the head of a light cane or riding whip which he carried, the top flew open, disclosing a very small cavity, from which he drew forth a slight roll of this paper not much thicker in diameter than a quill.

"Well, Frangia, before I read this, tell me how matters are going on in France. It is so long since I heard any news from that dear land that I am really thirsty for information."

"You have not heard the great news, then?" said Frangia, with wonderment expressed on his face.

"No; how could I, Frangia? You are the first that could tell me since I left. You don't suppose we are in Paris?"

"I find it difficult to think I am not," said the youth gaily. "I fancy every since I came in here that I have only to step outside to be on the boulevards again."

"Well, Frangia," said Eugene with a grave but good humored nod of his head, "you will be much more fortunate than some of your predecessors or it will be some time before you tread the boulevards again."

The youth laughingly put his handkerchief to his eyes as if to mourn for the afflictions that awaited him.

"Look here, Frangia," said Eugene, as he watched this fanciful piece of acting, "take my advice and remember that it is not playing pranks in Gen. Clarke's office you are now. A hampson rope and a dance over the battlements of Carliste bridge is a vastly different thing from a saunter down the Rue des Victoires. But advice was always thrown away on you. Tell me the news. What is Bonaparte doing?"

"Doing? Carrying the French banners over Italy. You have not heard that he has carried everything before him there? The Austrians were beaten at Castiglione last month, and Marshal Wurmser, who never saw his banners in retreat before, was barely able to save his rear guard from the sabres of the cuirassiers. So also the bayonets of the infantry, under Bonaparte himself, swept the army of Gen. Alvincz from his position at Arcola, and with the exception of Mantua, Italy from end to end is ours."

"He is a wonderful soldier," said Eugene.

"He is the great master of war," said

the youth enthusiastically. "The army is in ecstasies over the triumphs he has won and the glories he has achieved."

"I hope they will prove glories for France," said Eugene thoughtfully.

"Of course they will. What is glorious for her army is glorious for France."

"Trust O' course they are."

"Well, Frangia," said Eugene, laughing at the airy, enthusiastic manner of his friend, "you are a very angel of good news. And now for the dispatches."

Eugene unrolled the delicate tissue of paper, and, holding it up between his eyes and the light, read the secret writing thereon with deep attention, whilst the gentlemen assembled stood quietly around him.

"This is wonderful news, gentlemen," he said at last, after a pause of great expectation. "What news does he bring? What is in the dispatch?" asked half a dozen voices at once.

"De Morand de Galles sails from Brest on the 15th inst. with a French army on board, for the shores of Ireland!"

A ringing cheer went up from those assembled.

"Read it—read it!" cried a dozen enthusiastic voices.

"Here it is, gentlemen," said Eugene once more holding the paper to the light, and reading:

"Morand de Galles will sail on the 15th of December from Brest for Bantry Bay, on the southern Irish coast. Hoche will command them. That is all. Oh! by the way, Frangia, you are likely to see your comrades sooner than I wotted of. Here is yet another note from De Galles, isleone enough too. 'Come back to me, but with beer—by any way you can, but come. You are appointed to command a brigade.' There, gentlemen, is all the news for you. The French fleet with a French army on board, will sail for Ireland on the 15th."

"Can it be true? Is it really true?" was anxiously asked.

"It is true enough," said Eugene. "Here is Clarke's signature at the end. There is no mistaking that C. The Bruickwick's sabre on the plains of Valmy did not tend to improve his handwriting."

"This is wonderful news, certainly," said the gentleman who first spoke when Eugene entered the room. A buzz of conversation immediately spread round the little party, each discussing or giving his opinion on the last dispatch. "He does not say what the number of ships to be dispatched is?"

"No; but the directory are not accustomed to doing things by halves. They who sent separate armies at the same time marching on the high road to every capital in Europe are not going to send a squadron of sabres to fight England. Take my word for it, Clarke knows his business too well for that. It will be your duty, gentlemen, to see that his efforts are well seconded."

"We can readily answer for our country, can we not, Bond?" said a young gentleman who had remained silent during the communication of the message, but who, now when he did speak, was listened to with great respect and attention. "A hundred thousand men will be ready to lift the Irish banner the moment the first French cannon thunders on Irish soil. All we want is arms and ammunition, and officers to lead them."

"No doubt, my lord," said Bond, "we can promise such an array of fighting men as never yet were under the banners of France. But it seems to me that the point of destination of the fleet is, next to the sailing at all, the most important matter. The dispatch mentions Bantry. Now I am inclined to think that is a mistake."

"But you remember," said Eugene, "the first night I came here we went carelessly over all the possible places of disembarkation, and Bantry was mentioned as one of the most secure and ample harbors on the Irish coast."

"True," said Bond, "but I certainly do not remember—I may be mistaken—but I do not remember that it was urged as a suitable or likely place as the objective point of the French expedition. It is, in the first place, a remote position in the wildest and most thinly populated part of the whole country. For any considerable body of men to array themselves under the French colors, they would have to march immense distances. The reception, therefore, our French allies would meet would be disheartening at the outset, and that is to be avoided."

"I quite agree with Bond," said Lord Edward after a pause. "The best place assuredly for a French army to land would be in the centre of a populous district, where the cheers of an enthusiastic people would greet their disembarkation. With smart officers to drill them, one week would place an army, such as no power of England could dream of meeting, in your hands. I fear that there would be many obstacles to success if so remote a landing place as Bantry is chosen. The proper place to strike is at the heart, and that place, so far as Ireland is concerned, is—Dublin."

"You must remember that it will take some time to drill the raw levies that will flock to our standard," said Eugene, "and that you cannot drill and fight at the same time. A short breathing time after landing is for that reason necessary, and a remote district would give us that."

"You have forgotten the question of the commissariat," said Oliver Bond, whose vigorous mind grasped all the difficulties of the position at once. "The fleet are not supposed to carry more provisions than what they will last the voyage."

"No," said Eugene, laughing; "we carry better things than provisions—plenty of bullet and powder, long muskets and bright sabres—the sort of cargo that befits a conquering nation."

"And how," asked Bond, "would you provide for your French soldiers, not to speak of the people who would flock to your standard?"

"Why the matter is very simply settled by our generals, at all times," said the Frenchman, interrupting with some haughtiness. "If our troops are in a friendly country they expect support, if in an enemy's they compel it."

"I am afraid you have mistaken the point of my question," said Oliver Bond, smiling at the other's mistake. "I did not smiting at the other's mistake. I did not refer so much to the possibility of getting supplies as to the possibility of getting them at all. My impression is that the country there is many miles around would not provide, if it were all taken, as much commissariat supplies as would last an army for two days."

"C. U. would be a long and weary march, and to little purpose. They would be still a long way from where they could meet an enemy or strike a telling blow. I greatly prefer me"—it was Lord Edward who spoke—"your generals would get disheartened fighting, not against the

enemy, but against the difficulties of the position. No; the only place a landing can be effected with any hope of success must be somewhere on the Eastern seaboard. One successful battle, a march on the capital, and Ireland were free from Malin Head to Cape Clear."

"You are forgetting, gentlemen. There are two initial matters to be thought of—one is the difficulty of landing at all—the English fleet is by no means to be despised, and our admirals must try and avoid it as much as possible. A fight between one prepared for an engagement and one crowded with ammunition and guns and soldiers is very unequally fought. It would be simple massacre. France does not hesitate to shed the blood of her children in the cause of freedom—whose eldest born she is—but she will not needlessly sacrifice them. The first difficulty, therefore, is the landing at all. The second is the safe anchorage for the vessels."

"You cannot carry on warfare," said Lord Edward, "with rosewater. A blow at England will in any case entail sacrifices; and I am, for one, of opinion that between an expedition to Bantry Bay and none at all, there is not much to choose. You must further remember that it is a matter of life and death to us. We cannot hope to succeed without your aid, but to be of use to you that aid must be effectually rendered. A failure in that respect would place us neck and heels at the feet of England for another hundred years."

"This and much more was urged by other speakers, until the young Frenchman's mind was much impressed by their arguments."

"Well, gentlemen," he said at last, "you see how matters stand. The fleet will sail on the fifteenth if not otherwise counter-ordered. What would you have me do? Time is pressing, and it may be difficult, if not impossible, to alter matters thus definitely fixed."

"I think," said Lord Edward, "that it is of the very first moment that the destination should be altered, and that I take to be the opinion of all here."

"But how is it to be done?" anxiously queried Eugene.

"I see no other way for it," said Oliver Bond bluntly, "except by your proceeding immediately to France and laying our views before Hoche and the directory."

"A message by our young friend Frangia would not be sufficient," suggested Eugene, whose thoughts went back to the mansion of Seamore and the friends therein.

"The matters progressing are too important," said Lord Edward gravely, "to admit some deliberation, 'to place the matter in any hands but your own. The consequences of failure are too dreadful to think of anyone of less importance undertaking it."

"Well, in any case," thought Eugene, "this appointment of Clarke has bestowed on me a duty that is very far from being a few days at the very furthest." Then aloud, "Well, gentlemen, I am completely at your service. When do you think I should leave?"

"At once," chimed in a number of voices. "This night."

"It will take some time to get a vessel ready."

"As for that, the boat by which this young gentleman came," said Bond, "is lying safe and sound at Dunleary, and I have no doubt, long before daylight will be ready to sail."

"In that case, Frangia," said Eugene, turning to his young countryman, "you shall see the fair city of 'Paris' sooner than you expected. I am sorry you could not see more of Ireland, but—"

"Way, I shall come back with the expedition," said the youth, with enthusiastic glee at the idea of his again seeing his beloved Paris. "We shall have a holiday march through Ireland, something like what we had through Prussia with Devout."

"Were you there?" asked Eugene with a smile.

"Yes, I was drummer boy in the regiment of which Hoche was colonel," said the youth proudly.

"That's it you see, gentlemen," said Eugene, addressing the group around him. "It is little wonder that our French allies march to victory when the drummer boy in a few years wears the epaulettes of a sous lieutenant."

"I hope to wear the baton of a marshal of France yet," said the youth.

"Very well," said Frangia, "but there is nothing like aiming high at any rate. Meantime, my young marshal, there is many a swelling wave between us and France at this moment, and if you have any traps to prepare you had better be getting ready."

"They are all in the cutter where we landed."

"So much the better. It will take the less time. And now, my lord," said he, addressing Lord Edward, "what further message may I bear across?"

"Simply this. If Hoche lands with 10,000 men on any of our eastern seaboard counties, and with 100,000 stand of arms, tell him from the Irish directory the freedom of Ireland is assured. An army such as he never led to victory will be beneath his banners within half a score days after his landing."

"Very well, my lord, that message covers everything. And now, gentlemen, as the night is growing late—it is closing on 12 o'clock—I think my young friend and myself may be taking our leave."

"If you will permit me to drive you to Dunleary—my trap is in the stable," said John Sheares—"I shall have much pleasure in doing so."

"You place me under great obligations," said Eugene.

"It is but a sorry way to entertain an ambassador," said Lord Edward laughingly, "but we shall give you a right royal welcome when the van of the French army is tramping with banners flying, through Graffiti street."

"Which may be very much sooner than you think," said Eugene, falling into the hopeful mood of the hour.

"I think, however," said William Byrne, the Wexford delegate, who until then had remained a silent listener to the conversation, "we are bidding our friends adieu in Irish adieu. You have never heard of the stirrup cup in France, I suppose?"

"The stirrup cup! What is that?" asked Eugene.

"Upon my word, Byrne, I should not have thought of it if you had not mentioned it," said Lord Edward with hearty good humor. "My mind was so preoccupied with the business on hands that I never once thought of it. The stirrup cup by all means."

Champagne bottles were promptly in requisition, and as the silvery bubbles of the wine sparkled in the glasses a feeling of trust and hopefulness in the future seemed to breathe through the atmosphere of the room.

GALLIC POETRY.

Ros Delgheannach an t-samhraidh.

Fonn: Colille Blarney.

Tá rós delgheannach an t-samhraidh leis féin air an g-crabbh. Déis a chomhlucht an gdeimh bheith eugtha air gach taobh, Gan son rós amháin gach air an bheith le bh-fall daimh, Chum leasadh na canadh thabhairt air ais dó gach daimh.

Ní bfuáil leat féin thu le meathadh air an geug. Gan do theilgeas a g-codha meag do ghaoil go h-og. An áit a m-béidh leasadh gach lá a's gach oidhche. Leis na rósáidh gan bheith a's gan baladh do luibhe.

Mar sud is dual imtheacht' nuair eiríonn an grádh. 'S nuair eiríonn 6 n-ár scoldibh a' gdeimh a's a m-béidh. Nuair a clóidh na crídhthe seap suairis a's seun. Cla bheidheann mar cadhan-aonarach sa t-aoghal so leis féin?

[Literal Translation.]

The Last Mow of Summer.

Atr: Groves of Blarney.

The last mow of summer is alone on the branch, After its fellows of beauty being dead on every side Without a single friendly rose, without a blossom with which there is friendship. In order to give back light or sigh gently to it.

I will not leave thee by thyself to wither on the limb, And not throw thee to sleep among thy relatives in death, Where thou wilt be henceforth every day and night, With the roses without bloom and without the perfume of thy bed.

Thus it will be necessary to go when love withers, And when their beauty and bloom depart from our treasures; When the hearts that scattered happiness and pleasure are conquered, Who would be like a solitary bird alone by himself in the world?

"Here's to gallant France!" said Lord Edward, as he and others clinked their glasses against those held by the two French officers. "May the light of victory never darken on her banners."

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm. Eugene, as he glanced at the young sous lieutenant, whose face, like his own, was flushed with pleasure at the enthusiastic manner in which the toast had been received, and whose eyes were not undimmed at the hurrahs called up memories of their native land:

"The men of Ireland! may they soon be enabled to strike a blow—and a successful one—for freedom!"

This toast was not less honored than the previous one, and a subdued hurrah sounding most strange to unaccustomed French ears, rang through the apartment.

"I claim the right," said Oliver Bond, when the scoldism was over, "to give the final toast. It is—"

"To our next meeting. May it be amid the thunder of French guns bearing the crown of victory to the Irish nation!"

Amid a cheering and laughing that was delightful to witness, the toast was drunk; and amid hearty wishes for his safe passage to France and the success of his mission, Eugene and his friend Frangia shook hands with the gentlemen of the Directory of United Irishmen, and in company with John Sheares, passed down the dark stairway.

Over these buoyant and joyous hearts fell of high hope and expectation, but little of the shadow of coming disappointment fell that night. Coming events, it is said, cast their shadows before; but the statement was falsified in that company. For the Fates were weaving their gloomy shrouds for unfulfilled anticipations and dashed hopes even then, and unseen lips were already chanting the dirge for many of the gallant and high hearted gentlemen whose pulses beat with lofty and chivalrous feelings.

There were no policemen to keep watch and ward over the streets—none but the old watchmen, "the Charlies"—and so in a few moments they had passed the back way into the stable, had harnessed the horses, and were soon swiftly driving through the dimly lighted streets.

"You had better drive to the Eagle for a moment or two," said Eugene, as they passed along the quays, "there is a gentleman there for whom I promised to call."

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

DEVEREUX—At Stonebridge, Wexford, Sept. 3, John Devereux. Deceased was for a long number of years corn-buys for the Wexford distillery, and was also engaged in the bacon trade. His death is generally regretted.

ROCHE—At Monaghan, Aug. 31, Alexander Roche, aged 39 years.

BOLGER—At his residence, Fisher's row, Faythe, Wexford, Johnna, the beloved wife of Denis Bolger, aged 67.

DEVEREUX—Sept. 8, at Mountjoy square, South, Ald. Cornelius Deanehy, J. P., President of the Court of Conscience, aged 81 years.

DEVEREUX—Sept. 4, at the Presentation Convent, Millstreet, county Cork, Sister Mary Berchmans Danning, of Killesno, in the twentieth year of her religious profession.

HANBURY—Sept. 7, at Monte House, Rathmolyon, George Hanbury, aged 81 years.

HANCOCK—Sept. 6, at the residence of her son, Richard Forsyth Hanchings, Mountsilla, Clonmel, Jane, relict of the late Tobias Hancock, 57th regiment (infantry), aged 87 years.

KNOX—Sept. 8, wife of Michael Keogh, Loughmore, county Tipperary, aged 60 years.

LARRIGAN—Sept. 8, at his residence, Archerstown, Westmeath, Daniel Larrigan, aged 78 years.

MACKEN—Sept. 7, at Snowtown, Naul, Mary, wife of Daniel Macken, aged 45 years.

MCCALL—Sept. 7, at Rathangan, Bridgetown, Wexford, Eliza Mary, wife of John McCall, P. L. G.

SMITH—Sept. 7, at his residence, Delvin, Edward Smith, aged 64 years.

KERRICK—Sept. 5, at the Presentation Convent, Dungarvan, Ellen (in religion Mary Magdalen), eldest daughter of the late John Kerrick, Knockelly, county Tipperary.

POWER—Sept. 8, at No. 30 South square, Inchicore, Pierce Power, aged 93 years, formerly of Mardyke, Killeenau.

SHERIDAN—Sept. 6, at his residence, No. 186 Great Britain street, Dublin, Joseph Sheridan.

BYRNE—Sept. 8, at his residence, No. 40 Cuffe street, Dublin, Alicia, relict of the late Denis Byrne.

QUINN—Sept. 10, at Ballymore-Eustace, John Quinn, aged 81 years.

MOLLOY—Sept. 8, at the Convent of Providence and of the Immaculate Conception, Namur, Belgium, Jane (in relig-

ion Sister Mary Patrick), aged 25 years, fourth year of her religious profession, daughter of John Molloy, Rathmore, Nass.

O'FARRELL—Sept. 10, at her residence, Haymarket, Carlisle, wife of Joseph O'Farrell, aged 28 years.

DOUGHERTY—Sept. 8, at his residence, the Hotel, Ballymahon, John Dougherty, at an advanced age.

MCMANAMA—Sept. 3, at her residence, Castle street, Roscommon, Catherine, widow of the late Francis McManama, aged 87 years.

MURPHY—Sept. 4, at Barrack street, Carlisle, Michael Patrick Mackey, eldest son of James and Mary Murphy, aged 5 years and 6 months.

STANTON—Sept. 4, at No. 4 Grange-gorman, Dublin, Edward Stanton, youngest son of Myles and Elizabeth Stanton, Shilleigh, county Wicklow, aged 26 years.

FURLONG—Sept. 2, at 8 Beasborough-parade, Dublin, Bernard Furlong, late of Rheben, Ainstown, county Wexford.

GALLAGHER—Sept. 5, at Renny, Tullak, Roscommon, Mrs. Gallagher, late of Carrick on Shannon.

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The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman vestibuled and colonist sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Fifth Avenue Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. E. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 23, May 30, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C. & B. & R. R., will sell, on Tuesdays, Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. Everts, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

If you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior streets. Masses at 6:30, 8:15, 9:30 and 10:30 a.m.; 3:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p.m.

ARREST OF PATRIOTS.

John Dillon and Editor O'Brien Taken into Custody.

A GREAT SENSATION IN IRELAND.

The Two Men Charged with Conspiracy Against the Government—Warrants issued for the Arrest of Other Irishmen—That Alleged Slavery Proclamation and What Herr Vosen Says of It—Other Foreign Items of Interest.

DUBLIN, Sept. 18.—A tremendous sensation was caused in Ireland Thursday by the arrest of William O'Brien and John Dillon. It is understood that they are charged with conspiracy against the government and that other arrests of prominent representatives of the Irish National party will follow. Dillon and O'Brien have been arranging for a tour of the United States and Canada in company with Timothy Harrington and T. P. Gill, and were expecting to sail for America early in October.

Other Arrests To Be Made. The men were arrested Wednesday for their recent utterances in Ireland. Dillon was taken into custody at his residence in Dublin and immediately escorted to the railroad station, where he was placed on a special train en route to Tipperary. He was accompanied by a large military escort. O'Brien was taken into custody at Glengarriff and conveyed to Cork. Warrants of arrest for Patrick O'Brien, Commander Thomas J. Condon and David Sheehy and the Rev. David Humphreys, of Tipperary have been issued.

Great Excitement in Ireland. This sudden action of the government has fallen like a bolt from a clear sky. The Irish nationalists had no suspicion of the impending blow and are at a loss to know what it portends. Mingled surprise and indignation are the predominant feelings in Ireland. Dispatches from various parts of Ireland indicate that the nationalists are everywhere greatly excited at the arrests. The arrests were so utterly unexpected that the surprise with which they were first heard soon gave way to a feeling of suspense as to what the government would do next.

TIPPERARY, Sept. 19.—Mr. O'Brien and his wife arrived here at 9 o'clock Thursday morning. The public lamps had been left unlighted in order to discourage any gathering of the people, but many citizens met the party at the station or cheered them as they passed through the streets. Canon Cahill and other friends visited them at the court house, where they were taken. In the Tipperary court formal evidence of the arrest of O'Brien was given before Magistrate Irwin, and Mr. Ronan, who conducted the prosecution, asked that O'Brien be remanded until Thursday. Counsel for O'Brien cross-examined Inspector Rafferty with the view of showing that although O'Brien had committed the alleged illegal acts in June no steps had been taken for his arrest until it was heard that he was going to America. Inspector Rafferty denied that the mission to America had anything whatever to do with the case. Mr. O'Brien here remarked that the whole world knew the government's motive for making the arrest.

Admitted to Bail. Mr. O'Brien was admitted to bail, Canon Cahill being his surety. On the application of Mr. Ronan warrants were issued for the arrest of other members of the national league. There was a slight disturbance outside the court house. A large crowd of people, accompanied by a drum and file band, were waiting at the station for Mr. Dillon, who drove in the mayor's carriage to his own residence, where he addressed the people from the steps. He said that the more frequently arrests were made the more resolute Irishmen would become in the national cause. Dillon was also bailed, giving £1,000 as security. He was remanded until Thursday.

FOREIGN NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Approved the Government's Action. MELBOURNE, Sept. 18.—A deputation from a number of county and municipal councils waited upon the minister of commerce and assured him that they approved the action of the government in the matter of the labor strikes. The delegates declared that there were plenty of farmers and others in all parts of the colony who were willing to come to Melbourne and assist in placing commerce on its normal footing. They roundly denounced the course taken by the leaders of the strike. In reply the minister said that the government was prepared to frustrate the strikers' efforts to establish a reign of terror and that if necessary the colonies would combine and take vigorous measures to secure the freedom of labor. The minister's remarks were much applauded.

That Slavery Proclamation.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—A dispatch from Berlin to The Standard says: Herr Vosen, for several years German consul at Zanzibar, declares that it is impossible that the German East-African company issued the alleged slavery proclamation, because the martial law only allows the imperial commissioners to act. In any case he could not believe the slavery story because such action as is ascribed to the company would be utterly at variance with its principles. The negotiations in regard to the African possessions of England and Germany are proceeding smoothly, Germany having admitted England's claim to Wanga and Javet.

Slapped Rochester in the Face.

BUFFALO, Sept. 18.—In consequence of his refusal to accept a challenge to duel, M. Canivet slapped M. Henri Rochester in the face Thursday at the Casino in Orléans. A scuffle ensued between the two angry men, who were finally separated by the attendants at the Casino. A meeting was undoubtedly occur between the two men, and if a Frenchman ever loaded for bear it is thought M. Rochester surely will on this occasion and that the duel will be for blood.

Another Objection to Smokeless Powder.

BERLIN, Sept. 18.—The manufacture of smokeless powder is attended with so much danger to the people employed in making it that the employees are hereafter to be provided with rubber masks to protect them from the fumes.

A Family of Eight Persons Poisoned.

VIENNA, Sept. 18.—A family of eight persons, consisting of father, mother, and six children, has been killed at Pressburg, Hungary, by ignorantly eating the fruit of the nightshade plant.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

By the runaway of their horse, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Cheboygan, Mich., were thrown from their buggy and the latter killed.

The apple crop in several counties in Wisconsin is unusually large this year.

The savings bank deposits in Ireland are larger than ever before known in the history of the country.

The government telegraph service of Great Britain transmits, it is said, on an average 1,533,770 words a day to newspapers alone.

A Mr. Ranshaw, of Meosota, Mich., was wounded while in the army and has ever since been a sufferer. Last week his leg was amputated.

A French scientist declares that the domestic cats of the world carry at least 20 per cent. of the common contagious diseases from house to house.

The Memphis Appeal, which is fifty years old this month, has celebrated its semi-centennial anniversary by moving into its new six story building.

A pet dog belonging to Mrs. P. J. Daley, of Putnam, Conn., was painfully injured a few days ago, whereupon he deliberately walked into the river and held his head under water until he was drowned.

Two daughters of Samuel Sordert, of Harriman, Tenn., walking on the track of the Belt Line railway at that place, were run down by a train and one killed and the other badly hurt. They were 12 and 14 years old respectively.

Edward Langevin, of St. Paul, Minn., died Tuesday at the age of 83 years. He went to St. Paul in the year 1840 from Quebec, and opened a grocery store. He made \$50,000 in real estate, and his life was devoted to laying up riches.

Joseph D. Nottingham, recently a preacher, finding that he could not make enough money serving the Lord, went into the counterfeiting business at Kanabek, Ill., and now is fast in the grip of Uncle Sam's minions of the secret service.

Because James Jamison was discharged from a government dredge boat at Dubuque, Ia., Monday, he went aboard of her Wednesday, and after obstructing the machinery, fired up the boilers so as to blow up the boat. He was discovered, and he knocked his discoverer down and escaped. His plan failed, however.

Wednesday night, at Memphis, Tenn., W. H. Persens, a retired farmer, was arrested for the murder of his wife. It was at first believed that the victim had committed suicide, and the coroner's jury had rendered a verdict to that effect.

A trotting race for oxen, single and double, will be a conspicuous feature of the Cheboygan, Mich., county fair.

A wild sweet potato found growing near Paulsboro, N. J., measured 30 inches in circumference and weighed twelve and one-half pounds, it is said.

The Southern Illinois Immigration and Improvement association has decided to spend \$700 in advertising the advantages of Egypt.

At Portsmouth, N. H., Wednesday night Fred Hein, a cooper, enraged over the conduct of his wife, who had deserted him, fatally shot Charles W. Taylor, a stone dealer; next shot his three daughters, killing two of them, and then committed suicide. It is believed that Taylor was intimate either with Hein's wife, or one of his children.

William Hitt, of St. Joseph, Mo., a sufferer from rheumatism, took a sponge bath in alcohol Wednesday, then stood near an open stove to dry off. The alcohol took fire and Hitt was so badly burned that he will die.

While drilling a well at Orient, Iowa, Wednesday, Charles Wilson struck a strong flow of oil at a depth of 180 feet.

The census bureau gives the population of Connecticut as 745,961, an increase of 123,161.

Germany is coining money for her East African territory. A piece is worth about a mark and a half, and shows on one side a bust of the emperor in the uniform of the guards, and on the other a lion.

The Canadian wheat crop was injured by the recent frosts and will grade lower than was expected.

For refusing to join them in a game of cards two brothers named Kennedy, working near Walla Walla, Wash., bound John Clinton, aged 19, hand and foot and then fastened one end of the cord to an unruly horse's tail and started it on a run across the country. Clinton was dragged a quarter of a mile and rendered unconscious before the rope slipped from the animal's tail.

George Bainbridge, of Coal City, Ill., has been elected Illinois president of the United Mine Workers of America to succeed William Seale, resigned.

It is reported from Jacksonville, Fla., that the Jacksonville and Southeastern railway has secured by lease, control of the Chicago and St. Louis road, which will give the former line direct communication between Springfield and St. Louis.

Governor Hoard and George W. Peck, rival candidates for governor of Wisconsin, addressed an immense crowd at the state fair at Milwaukee Thursday. No politics.

Thursday at Toledo the Society of the Army of the Cumberland elected officers, Gen. W. S. Rosecrans being chosen president.

The dam of Bonestell Pond reservoir, six miles northeast of Posenkill, N. Y., collapsed Thursday morning, releasing the water, which swept through the valley, destroying saw mills, buildings and bridges and flooding the streets of Posenkill. No lives were lost.

The Courier Francaise of Paris says President Carnot is expected to visit Queen Victoria at Windsor next spring.

It is estimated that the 300,000 bushels of cranberries which New Jersey will send to market will realize to the farmers a round \$1,000,000.

The gold medal awarded Michigan for her educational exhibits at the Melbourne, Australia, exposition in 1893 has just been received. It is of Australian gold and weighs nearly two ounces.

A blackberry bush at Grand Lodge, Mich., is preparing for a second crop this season.

The chamber of commerce of Yankton, S. D., enters a protest against the reported failure of crops in the state, and declares them false and hurtful to the people.

An old prospector brought a piece of ground near Nevada City the other day for \$300. He went for gold and soon struck a deposit that will pay him \$3,000.

The total earnings of Michigan railroads for 1889 were \$37,219,735, an increase over the preceding year of \$7,448,516. There were 31,130,050 passengers carried and 54,569,304 tons of freight moved.

The total number of passengers carried in the United States during 1889 was 473,171,843. One passenger in every 1,323,123

was killed, and one in every 230,034 was injured.

At Monticchiari batteries of artillery using smokeless powder kept up a fire for half an hour without their position being discovered.

The total Republican plurality in Maine is 18,940.

There is an inmate of the Georgia state lunatic asylum who imagines in his insanity that he is a grain of corn. He will not go into the yard, fearing the chickens will eat him.

James Matthews, aged 10 years, died at Union Hill, N. J., Friday from nicotine poisoning. The boy was an inveterate smoker of cigarettes.

It was reported Friday that forty wedding guests at Monticchiari, Pa., were poisoned Monday by eating canned fruit. All have recovered.

When Gen. Baron Fredericks, military attaché of the Russian embassy, Paris, quitted the review ground at Cambrai, in France, on Thursday, the crowd shouted "Long live Russia!"

C. H. Albers, a member of the St. Louis merchants' exchange, has commenced suit against the exchange for \$50,000 for suspending him.

Two miners were found lying dead in the mountains in the vicinity of Chloride, N. M., Friday. As moccasins trails were found in the vicinity it is supposed they were killed by Indians.

The demand for Saginaw Valley salt is larger than at any time since its production began. It is impossible to obtain cars enough to fill the orders.

A young man walked in his sleep one night this week, at Silverville, Ga., and when he awoke he found himself at a grindstone sharpening his knife.

Two men were killed by the explosion of a threshing machine boiler at Athens, O., Friday.

Farmer Camp employs 250 Pute Indians in picking hops near Potosi, Sacramento county. Their time is to be kept by a young woman of the tribe, who is a graduate of the Reno High school.

Charles D. Young, a Deaver boy of 15, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 285 pounds.

California has 1,200,000 people, yet they pay as much taxes as Pennsylvania does with 5,000,000.

Luis de Desendo, a Rio Janeiro jeweler, has bought from Dom Pedro for \$60,000 the jewels of the deceased emperor.

A squab at Colfax, N. M., is under guard day and night. It now measures eight feet four inches around and is still growing.

Postoffice Inspectors Williams and Letherman Saturday night arrested and placed in the hold-over at the Four courts at St. Louis, Mo., Frank I. Colley, a clerk in the railway mail service. He is charged with having tampered with the mail while plying between St. Louis and Kansas City.

Three locomotives, helpers to the great Dr. Schlimann in his work of excavation, are now puffing about the ruins of Troy, where once the fleet chariot of Achilles dragged the body of Hector.

John Pauls escaped from an Illinois insane asylum where he had been confined for eight years, and a jury at Bloomington has decided that he was sane.

Near Grapevine, Ky., on Sept. 13, John Garbell, a white minister, shot a colored preacher named Pennington, and Pennington died from the wounds Saturday. Pennington was charged with robbery, and Garbell with a warrant tried to arrest him. Pennington resisted, and in the fight Garbell found it necessary to use his Winchester.

Frank Wells, a government ganger, was murdered near Glasgow, Ky., and W. C. Burton, a distiller, has been arrested charged with the crime.

Thomas Harlan and Robert Purdy were fatally injured Friday night in a fight in a gambling den at Clearwater, eighteen miles northwest of Wichita, Kan. Joe Simpson threw a burning lamp at Harlan, which hit his head seriously, and the oil on his clothes caught fire. He was fatally burned. Purdy had his head fractured with a chair.

The birth of a daughter to George and Edith Gould makes Jay Gould a three-time grandfather. The little ones he has thus far been enjoying are a boy and girl.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster has gone to Maine to deliver a few temperance speeches. She will begin her Iowa campaign about Oct. 1.

Illinois coal miners have decided to make a demand for an increase of 75 cents a ton. If this is not granted by Nov. 1 there will probably be a general strike.

Farmers in the vicinity of Spring Valley, Ohio, are losing all their hogs by cholera.

A colored boy in Zanesville, Ohio, is named Times Recorder Sammons, after the daily paper published there.

Plymouth, Mich., has three factories turning out toy air guns.

A column of army worms invaded Woodbridge, Cal., recently. It was half a mile long and was followed by immense swarms of blackbirds, which preyed upon them.

Failure of a Chicago Bank. CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—The Oakland bank, situated at the corner of Cottage Grove avenue and Oakwood boulevard, about three miles from the business center of the city, suspended payment Monday morning. Liabilities, \$20,000; nominal assets, \$75,000.

President Johnston, of the bank, is of the opinion that the creditors will get at least 75 per cent. of their claims. The failure also closes the Hyde Park bank, a branch of the Oakland bank. The depositors of the Hyde Park bank are secured by special assets, which amount to \$11,000. The unusually heavy demands of the depositors and the difficulty of getting securities cashed are the reasons given for the failure. Neither bank will resume business.

Need Will Speak in Iowa. DES MOINES, Iowa, Sept. 23.—It is definitely announced that Speaker Reed will come to Iowa immediately after the adjournment of congress and assist the Republicans in their canvass in Geary, Henderson and Lacey's districts, which are doubtful. The active Republican campaign will begin the first week in October. The Hon. R. G. Horr, of Michigan, will make twelve speeches, beginning Oct. 11. All possible efforts were made to induce Secretary Blaine to visit Iowa and aid in the campaign, but he telegraphed Chairman Mack that it would be impossible for him to come.

Protesting Against the Irish Arrests. LONDON, Sept. 23.—A number of meetings were held Sunday in the provinces—chiefly at Liverpool and Glasgow—to protest against the arrest of the Irish leaders.

DEATH'S AWFUL WORK.

Gathering in the Victims by the Score.

FRIGHTFUL WRECK ON THE READING.

The "Cannon Ball" Train, While Running at Lightning Speed, Dashes into a Number of Wrecked Coal Cars and Then Plunges Down an Embankment into a Creek Thirty Feet Below—Terrible Scenes of Suffering—The Work of Rescue—Other Disasters.

READING, Pa., Sept. 20.—Shoemakerville, a station on the Reading railroad fifteen miles north of this city, was the scene of a terrible railroad wreck at 6:15 Friday evening. The ill-fated train is No. 3 express, better known as the Cannon Ball train, which leaves Philadelphia at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It left on time Friday at Philadelphia, but was several minutes late leaving the outer station here owing to the large crowds who were returning home from the Berks County fair and who had gathered at that station to take the train. Several extra cars had to be added to the already filled coaches, and a delay of fifteen minutes was caused. When the train was once beyond the numerous side tracks about a mile north of the city the engineer began making up the lost time and in a few seconds the train was running at lightning speed.

A Heartrending Scene. Suddenly there was a crash, a rumbling of the passenger coaches over the ties, and down went the engine, tank, baggage, express, and parlor cars and the passenger coaches into the creek which borders the road at that point. The sight was a heartrending one. The escaping steam from the locomotive added to the horror, and but for the baggage and express cars which preceded the passenger coaches hundreds would have been literally cooked alive. The crash was heard for a great distance and the surrounding country was soon as the scene of the wreck. The accident was caused by a number of wrecked coal cars which had been thrown in the way of the passenger train.

Cause of the Calamity. This first wreck was caused by a collision between a freight and coal train. The coal train had pulled past the station at Shoemakerville, going south, and was running at a moderate speed, part of her train having torn loose, when suddenly a freight which followed came thundering around a curve, and before the engineer could stop his train it crashed into the rear of the coal train and threw a number of loaded coal cars across the north bound track. The Cannon Ball express was then due and before the danger signal could be given it came in sight. Engineer John White did all he could to avoid the accident, but without avail, and when the engine struck the wrecked coal cars it left the track and carried the cars as above mentioned down a steep embankment and precipitated them into the creek thirty feet below. There followed an awful scene. Women screamed, children cried, and men moaned. Willing hands at once set to work, and within a short time thirty injured had been removed and several killed were also taken out.

A List of the Dead. The identified dead taken from the wreck are: John F. Miller, Crescon; G. Greenwald, mail agent, Pottsville; John White, engineer, Pottsville; James Tempkin, fireman, Pottsville; W. D. Showman, Reading; Harry Jacoby, stone cutter, Pottsville; Joseph Becker, chief burgess, Mahanoy City; Solomon Hoover, aged 60, Pottsville; Mr. Edward J. Fox, aged 41, Pottsville; George R. Kaercher, aged 43, Pottsville; Harry Loughlin, conductor of express; John Osburn, Philadelphia; Mrs. J. E. Fredericks, Pottsville; J. E. Fredericks, husband of the above; Joseph Bannan, Philadelphia; N. C. Vandervort, Philadelphia; John Shedd, Philadelphia; Philadelphia and Reading engineer; Michael Sumner, Mahanoy City; Frank Haseman, Mahanoy City.

WORLD'S FAIR MATTERS. Col. George R. Davis, of Chicago, Elected Director General. CHICAGO, Sept. 19.—George R. Davis, of this city, was elected director general of the world's fair at Friday morning's session of the national commission. On an informal ballot he received 50 votes only 47 being necessary to choice.

On motion of a Pennsylvania member the ballot was made formal and Mr. Davis declared the unanimous choice of the commission.

Chairman of Committees. President Parnell announced the personnel of the various features of the Columbian exposition. The chairmen are as follows: Judiciary, rules and by-laws, William Lindsay, commissioner at large; tariffs and transportation, V. D. Grouser, Virginia; foreign affairs, C. M. Depew, New York; fine arts, A. G. Bullock, commissioner at large; science, history, literature and education, O. V. Tinsley, Minnesota; agriculture, W. I. Buchanan, Iowa; live stock, J. L. Mitchell, Wisconsin; horticulture and arboriculture, W. Forestry, California; finance, Charles H. Jones, Missouri; auditing, T. E. Garvin, Indiana; ceremonies, J. D. Adams, Arkansas; classifications, C. H. Deere, Illinois; manufactures, L. Braider, Connecticut; commerce, L. Lounes, Maryland; mines and mining, F. J. V. Skiff, Colorado; fisheries and fish culture, G. C. Mena, Rhode Island; forestry and lumber, J. W. St. Clair, West Virginia; machinery, William Ritchie, Ohio; world's congress, J. W. Woodside, Pennsylvania; printing, C. E. Holliday, Jr., Kansas.

Heavy Failure in Boston. BOSTON, Sept. 17.—The suspension of R. Gardner Chase & Co., bankers and brokers, is announced in the stock exchange. At the office of the concern the failure is confirmed, but no official statement can be made, as all members of the firm have left the office for the day. Mr. James T. Phelps, assignee for R. Gardner Chase & Co., says: "The concern has assigned to me and liabilities are about \$2,000,000. I shall make a statement as soon as possible." A bank president said: "I don't think any banks will be affected. I think it an honorable failure."

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Four Norwegian vessels have arrived in New York with 4,000 tons of ice.

The twenty eighth anniversary of the issuing of the emancipation proclamation was celebrated Monday at various cities throughout the country.

The Twenty-first Essex battalion of Ottawa, Ont., is anxious to shoot a match with the Detroit Rifle company, and application has been made to allow the rifle company to cross the river in uniform with their arms and accoutrements.

Monday Emil L. Schoenberg, who three years ago swindled Philadelphia parties out of large amounts, died at his home in Philadelphia.

Monday it was reported that 3,000 acres of land had been secured adjacent to Minneapolis, Minn., upon which, under the control of a syndicate, a manufacturing city modeled after Pullman, Ill., will be founded. The estimated cost of the improvements will be \$7,000,000. Factories employing an aggregate of 1,000 hands have been secured.

Mamie Minnick, 7 years old, of Lima, Ohio, had the top of her head blown off Monday by a shotgun in the hands of Joseph Lingengas, a little boy.

Mary Nolan, who has been traveling over Lee county, Ill., asking hospitalities of farmers and then, it is said, stealing small articles from them, has been arrested.

Ex-Congressman William Heilman, of Evansville, Ind.; ex-Congressman Frank L. Morey, of Louisiana, and George A. Blakeslee, the founder of Gallien, Mich., died Monday.

Martin Kellogg, who lives near Norwalk, Ohio, celebrated his 104th birthday Sunday.

Bees stung four horses to death at Mayfield, Mich., a few days ago.

The government of Portugal has ordered the stoppage of all telegrams which refer in any way to political disorders in Portugal.

A colored man living in Worth county, Ga., is the owner of a little red steer that recently trotted twenty-two miles in four hours hitched to a cart.

Henry Fantome and Charles Kleiber, of West Bay City, Mich., go to jail for twenty days for stealing a ham.

The trial of J. Reginald Birchall, charged with the murder of F. C. Benwell, began at Woodstock, Ont., Monday. The accused pleaded not guilty.

The officials of the German government arms factory have posted a notice that women will no longer be employed at night work.

The Kansas City ball team practically landed the Western association pennant Monday.

Last Saturday the visible supply of wheat and corn was respectively 17,640,439 and 5,506,535 bushels.

The time allowed Phelps Perrin, the Hurley, Wis., bank robber, to file affidavits for a new trial expired Monday, without anything being done. He must now serve out a sentence of five years in the penitentiary.

A rattlesnake died in ten minutes after biting a colored man at Lumpkin, Ga. The man suffered no serious results.

In a collision in St. Louis Monday night between passenger trains on the St. Louis, Kansas City and Colorado and St. Louis, Keokuk and Northwestern roads an engineer was killed and fourteen passengers were injured.

Following are the base ball scores recorded Monday: League: At Cleveland—Cleveland 5, Boston 4; at Cincinnati—Cincinnati 5, Philadelphia 7; at Chicago—Chicago 14, Brooklyn 1; at Wheeling—New York 4, Philadelphia 2; Brotherhood at Cleveland—Cleveland 3, Brotherhood 1; at Buffalo—Buffalo 9, Philadelphia 16; at Pittsburgh—Pittsburgh 3, New York 6; at Chicago—Chicago 3, Boston 10. Western: At Kansas City—Minneapolis 3, Kansas City 9; at Denver—St. Paul 13, Denver 14.

GEN. BUTLER IN A RAGE.

He Creates a Scene in the Office of a United States Commissioner. BOSTON, Sept. 23.—Gen. Butler created a scene Monday in the office of United States Commissioner Hallett by losing his temper over being told what the law was. The presumption of the commissioner staggered the old warrior. He was defending Mrs. Clarietta Johnson, charged with attempting to defraud the pension bureau. Being poor and having no friends, Gen. Butler gallantly offered to go her security on the bail of \$1,000 required. Commissioner Hallett refused to receive him on the ground that the rules governing United States courts forbade accepting as security any one who is a member of the bar of the United States on pain of being stricken from the roll. Butler nearly had an apoplectic fit, he was so mad. He didn't care a rap for the law, he said, and insisted on his bond being accepted. The commissioner only smiled and he said he was of too great service to the federal bar to expel him. It was nearly an hour before Gen. Butler could cool down enough to proceed or send out and get bail.

May Yet Come to America.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—Mr. Parnell desires to wait until after the trial of Dillon and O'Brien to see whether it will still be possible for them to go to America, believing the delay will not affect the object of their mission. His health will not permit him to make a personal visit to America.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards. Hog—Market opened active. Good lots firm common lots easy; prices 13 1/4c; dairies, finest fresh, 13 1/2c; rough packing, 12 1/2c; mixed lots, 12 1/4c; heavy packing and shipping lots, 12 1/4c.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.
Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:
One Year, Single Subscription.....\$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....10c
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly
each.....2.00
All Subscriptions payable in Advance.
Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for trans-
mission through the Mail as second-class
matter.
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sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order,
Draft, or Registered Letter.
Communications of a literary nature should
be addressed to the editor. All business letters
should be addressed to THE CITIZEN News-
paper Company.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the
principal places of amusement during the com-
ing week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—
J. K. Emmet in "Uncle Joe."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Rice's
Surprise Party.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—
Hallen and Hart.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—
Herrmann.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union
—A Fair Rebel.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
"The Waifs of New York."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue—
"The Showaway."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street near Madison—The Boy
Trump.

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.
Exposition Building, Michigan ave., Madison,
Monroe and Adams streets. Open from 9 a.m.
to 10 p.m., Sundays excepted.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Six-
teenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from
9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-st. and Hubbard-court—Battle of
Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sun-
days included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else toler-
ate the common enemy."—Henry Gratiot.

**DID IRELAND GRADUATE THE WASH-
INGTONS?**

Several weeks ago Mr. W. K. Shaw wrote in the New York Sun as follows: "In the *Tribune* of July 28 is an extract from the London *Athenaeum* relating to the question of Washington's pedigree. About a year ago, when the same subject was agitated, I directed attention to a branch of the Washington family located in county Roscommon, Ireland, and whose history if carefully investigated would probably throw some light on the point which Mr. Wilder, in the article I refer to in the *Tribune*, confesses is still involved in uncertainty and mystery. There is no question of Washington's descent from the John Washington who, in company with his brother Lawrence, emigrated to America, but who their father was, from what branch of the English Washingtons he came, or where his family was located when the two sons left for America, these are the questions still unsolved. Last year Mr. Waters claimed that through his then recent discoveries in certain parts of England he had solved all doubts and settled every point of Washington's genealogy, but now Mr. Wilder shows that Mr. Waters settled nothing. I am aware of the prejudices which prevent investigators looking in the direction of Ireland for the great Washington's origin and descent, but it seems more than probable that if inquiries were prosecuted among the Washington colony in county Roscommon with half the zeal that has been expended on the several localities in England, the exact line of Washington's ancestry would have been determined long ago."

One thing, THE CITIZEN may observe without fear of contradiction, in regard to Washington is established—he was born in this country, and was not alone an American, as that term is understood, but was also, by common consent, the first of Americans. It would be a high honor for Ireland to be able to prove herself the cradle land of the hero's ancestors, but, if she should fail to prove it, she can console herself with the reflection that she was the progenitor of other American heroes, in some respects more brilliant than George Washington, in the military sense at least. No one questions her claim to Andrew Jackson and Paul Sheridan, not to mention Richard Montgomery, John Sullivan, John Stark, James Shields, John A. Logan, and other military chiefs of a high order of merit. Washington's greatness consisted chiefy in his pure patriotism, his calm courage, and his invincible resolution. He was a noble, an almost unapproachable, character, having, no doubt, some human weaknesses, entirely redeemed by the image of God which shone, an undying lamp, within his mighty soul. Never, since the first page of history was written, did God send upon the earth a braver or purer dispenser of His will for the freedom of mankind than George Washington, "the Cincinnati of the West."

Whether Washington's immediate an-
cestors were born in England or in Ireland

makes very little difference to the world at large. He was liberty's unflinching champion, and, as such, all men, except the tyrants of men, honor him. The following letter from Mr. James Clark, of this city, in connection with the ancestry of Washington, will be interesting reading:

[To the Editor.]

528 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING CITY, Sept. 1890.
—After reading an article published in the New York Sun from the pen of W. K. Shaw, in reference to the progenitors of George Washington, I was reminded of many things in connection with the Washington name, with which I was quite familiar in my boyhood days, in my native county of Roscommon, Ireland. As well as I can remember now, there were three or four families of Washingtons in the parish of Kilgarr, at the Bridge of Caradoc, the township of Larragh. I believe they were all or nearly all coopers by trade, and besides had small farms about the same in dimensions as the generally of farmers there—say twelve or fourteen acres. They were highly respected, and well thought of by the community in which they lived, as they were known for generations. There is not any manner of doubt but that George was a family name in that branch of the Washingtons, as there is sufficient proof here in Ireland that a member of that name who died in 1851 was one of a good long line of Georges. It is well remembered by the neighbors, of whom some are now here, that the old gentleman died of rheumatism, and the consequent trouble experienced in disposing of the remains, as the limbs were so contracted that a specially large coffin had to be constructed for the occasion. He was then 87 years old. His son James, at that time looked almost as old as the father, which fact demonstrates the long life of George. It is noteworthy in connection with this matter that heavy weights had to be used during the time the body was in the house, in order to straighten the limbs somewhat, said weights being grinding stones—primitive affairs, used by farmers at that period for grinding oatmeal—set generally sufficed for a country. There are several parties here who know of that incident. At that time the family consisted of George, Patrick, Dudley, James, and Larry Washington, who are well remembered here. Some members of the family have since settled in Cleveland, O., and not many years since lived on Detroit street there. They were generally regarded as powerful men physically, being always able to hold their end up at a pattern or fair, being of the people in every sense of the word. They were staunch Catholics, as were the Howleys, McGuires, and several other families in that vicinity who braved every privation on account of their faith.

Taking everything into consideration connected with the matter, as far as my knowledge of it goes, and being a native of that parish, therefore knowing whereof I speak, I am inclined to agree with W. K. Shaw, that it might be well for the interested parties to look into the matter some in that locality. As far as my knowledge of literature extends, I must say that Larry is a very uncommon name outside of Ireland (and perhaps France, where St. Laurence is honored); but in Ireland Larrys are numerous in every parish. Now, considering that one of the original Washingtons was named Laurence, and that the search in England is a failure, by all means turn the search where-
over the truth of the matter may be fished up.

JAMES CLARK.

THE BARRUNDIA DISGRACE.

Mr. Blaine says that Minister Mizner was justified in his action regarding the murdered Guatemalan general, who was shot to death on board an American ship, while two American men of war lay within cable length of the vessel whereon the bloody drama was enacted. Mr. Blaine further says that the conduct of Captain Pitts, who took Gen. Barrundia on board his steamer, and then landed him in a Guatemalan port, within Guatemalan control, ought to be made the subject of rigid inquiry. It seems to THE CITIZEN, with all due respect to the Secretary of State, that the Barrundia murder case is a disreputable business all around, and that Mizner, Pitts and the two commanders of the American war vessels are equally to blame. Treaty or no treaty, it was a damnable piece of cowardice to surrender a political refugee to his base executioners. When treaties stand in the way of national honor, they should be torn up. A piece of dirty parchment should not be stronger than the American flag. Our "national honor!" We have no national honor. We are too much engaged, at present, in money grabbing. Let the whole outside world please come forward and kick us. They need fear no retaliation on our part. *Vive la dollar!*

DION BOUCICAULT.

Dion Boucicault, the renowned Irish dramatist and comedian, has passed from earth. He died quietly at his home, No. 138 West Twenty-fifth street, New York City, on the 19th inst. Mr. Boucicault was born in Dublin, December 26, 1822. His family was of Huguenot origin. Dion received a good scholastic training, and was, originally, intended to be an architect or a civil engineer. But his natural bent soon asserted itself, and, at the early age of 19, he was already distinguished as a writer of plays. The English and Irish populace received him with great favor, both as an author and an actor, but a majority of the newspapers criticized him savagely, and, sometimes, with justice. He succeeded in spite of them, and was never treated by the British press with the consideration awarded him by the American. Mr. Boucicault was, in a sense, an Irish Nationalist. He loved his native country, although, like Lever and Lover, he occasionally caricatured his fellow countrymen shamefully. One scene in his "Shaughraun"—the wake scene—was so offensive that he was rotten-egged by the Irish in Denver and other American cities. Nevertheless, he refused to even modify his offensiveness, probably because he was too Irish himself to be coerced by violence or threats of violence.

In a measure, Ireland and the Irish owe the dead actor a debt of gratitude. If he despised some of the Irish, he had a whole, some hatred of their enemies, and defied English prejudice with unusual courage and persistency. His "Wearing of the

Green," as rendered in one of his Irish plays, is one of the best rebel street ballads that was ever written. Mark the rude strength and burning fervor of the following well known lines:

And since the color we must wear is England's
crude Red,
Sure Ireland's sons cannot forget the blood they
they have shed!
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and
cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish still tho' under
foot 'tis trod!

When laws can stop the blades of grass from
growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their ver-
dure dare not show—
Then I will change the color I wear in my
caubon,
But 'till that day, please God, I'll stick to
wearing of the Green!

When that song was first sung in Lon-
don it "rattled" the English, and the Irish
fairly went wild over it, for it was at the
very height of the Fenian period—that
bold, honest, gallant period so different,
with all its shortcomings, from these
sickly and piping times in which we live.
"The Wearing of the Green" had been
heard in '88, but the original ballad was
tame compared with that which has been
quoted here. If Boucicault had never
written aught else, and whatever his
faults of temper, the Irish should honor
him for that glorious song. Poor Dion
will sing no more. He is another son of
Ireland who has laid his weary heart to
rest in the soil of Columbia, far from the
land which he ever fondly, although way-
wardly, loved. His last request was to be
buried in Ireland. God rest you well,
Dion Boucicault!

O'BRIEN AND HIS BRIDE AT MALLOW.

Mr. William O'Brien and his young
wife had a glorious public welcome from
the people of Mr. O'Brien's native place,
Mallow, county Cork, on the 5th inst. In
the course of a most eloquent speech Mr.
O'Brien said: "It has always been a dif-
ficulty with me to find words in the least
degree adequate to express my gratitude
for the favors that my kind old friends,
the men and women of Mallow, have so
often lavishly poured upon my head.

How am I to find adequate words to-
night when I have a double obligation
of gratitude to discharge, both on my own
part and the part of her who has had the
courage to link her fortunes with mine
for life [loud cheers for Mrs. O'Brien]
and whose happiness is now dearer to me
than my own. All I will say is that her
heart and mine are filled with gratitude
for the welcome, the welcome to your
hearth and to your home, that has been
extended to her tonight by the women
and the men of my own old town of Mal-
low [cheers]. Before ever she touched
the soil of Ireland at all she was made to
feel at home and happy on a certain in-
teresting occasion—memorable for her
and for me—by a Mallow man, an illus-
trious Mallow man, Archbishop Croke,
of Cashel [loud cheers]. One of the
brightest memories for her and for me of
our wedding day will always be the glo-
rious and inspiring part that the Arch-
bishop took in that ceremony. His pres-
ence was a sort of benediction on the
part of the Irish race, and his voice and
his words were like a breath of Irish air
from the green hills of Tipperary."

PLAIN TALK TO BIGGERS.

Many of the alleged humorous editors
of the American "comic" papers are un-
adulterated blackguards, like their Eng-
lish prototypes. Their blackguardism
would have little effect on the public if
reputable journals refused to copy their
filth. THE CITIZEN knows of no good
reason why so able and high toned a paper
as the Chicago *Tribune* should have pub-
lished the following libel on the Irish
race, from Judge, in last Monday's issue:

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN.
His Employer: "Patrick, I have employed you
as a porter for a year. During that time I have
found you to be dishonest, neglectful, stupid,
and cowardly; but I will not discharge you
without one chance."
The Porter:—"Fot! I do, sor?"
His Employer:—"I've obtained a position for
you on the police force."

Now, THE CITIZEN undertakes to say
that the foregoing malignant skunk juice
was emitted by some little lax, bowled
bigot who would not dare to look any
Irishman in the face for a second—some
malodorous human "varmint" who, in
dastardly form, seeks to degrade a people
who would disdain to wipe their shoes on
his stinking carcass.

Every daily paper of this city employs
Irishmen in important capacities. The
Tribune office is blessed with a number
of Irishmen, or the sons of Irishmen. The
editor in chief and the managing editor
are both of direct Irish descent. One of
the chief editorial writers hails from
Limerick. Most of the brilliancy of the
Tribune emanates from Irish genius, and
yet the mean, coarse and disgusting libel
on Irishmen already quoted is allowed to
appear in its columns without adverse
comment! Oh, editorial scissors, what
crimes are committed by thee!

The dirty squib copied from Judge is
intended chiefly to reflect on the Irish
police-men. Here is ingratitude, as well
as malignity. The Irish police-men did
their duty against the anarchists. The
whole American press acknowledged that.
In the list of medals awarded for bravery
to the police and fire departments of this
city, Irishmen have carried of three-
fourths of the honors, at least. Right in
front of the *Tribune* building stands a big
Irish policeman, Officer Healy, whose
heroism in stopping a runaway team, the
Tribune itself praised only a few weeks
ago. If Officer Healy were viciously dis-

posed—he is one of the finest specimens
of physical manhood in America—he
could tear limb from limb every "comic"
editorial cur in the country. And hun-
dreds of other Irishmen on the force are as
splendid types of the human race.

What is the matter with the pulling brats
of Judge anyhow? Are they jealous of
brains and physique they can never hope
to equal? Take away all the broad-chested,
ruddy faced, sound-toothed, well limbed
Irishmen, Germans and other alleged
"foreigners and their sons," together with
the descendants of the revolutionary
Americans, in this country and what a
sunk cheeked, wind galled, spavined,
broken winded, hawking, spitting, nose-
bleeding, snibbled, lank haired, blue-
colored Know-nothing crowd would be
left! Every "American" worth his
salt, had for a grandfather, or grand-
mother, a "foreigner" of some kind. The
young blood of this country is the best.
It courses warmly through the veins of
the republic in no stunted tide. It is, in
fact, the life blood of America—the saving
salt of the continent. There is some
good, too, in the old blood, but it needs
constant mellowing.

The process of physical decay has made
itself manifest in the Indian race—the
only native American race. The whites
who settled here earliest were, no doubt,
strong men and women, but the Plymouth
Rock pilgrims are now chiefly represented
by a particular breed of "chickens." The
old Revolutionary families, for whom
THE CITIZEN has great respect, are few
and far between. If emigration from Eu-
rope to America were to stop for fifty
years, our population might be reduced
to 20,000,000. There is something in the
climate of America that deteriorates the
white race, after several generations.

There are more bilious, unhealthy look-
ing people, chiefy of "Anglo-Saxon" de-
scent, and who have not intermarried with
"aliens," in the United States than in all
the world combined. There are more false
teeth and false hair used here than any-
where else on earth. There is more catarrh
here than in any quarter of the globe.
All this indicates physical decline. What
is the remedy? Healthy immigration.
Thousands of Anglo-Americans, with an
eye to their progeny, have married hand-
some Irish and German girls out of hotels,
laundries and even private houses. Among
the more prosperous Irish-Americans
marriage with Anglo-Americans is of al-
most daily occurrence. Beauty is greater
than gold, and ribs are still preferred to
whalebone.

If the United States were turned over
to the Know-nothings tomorrow; if the
"foreigners," and their friends, were all
driven out, the country would rapidly de-
generate into a vast hospital—there would
hardly be a healthy man or woman left in
it. The healthy European immigrants—the
Irish rank among the foremost—are
the salvation of America.

COL. DAVIS, DIRECTOR GENERAL.

The election by the World's Fair com-
missioners of Col. George R. Davis, as
director general of the projected exposit-
ion, has given general satisfaction in Chi-
cago and throughout the country. Col.
Davis is the very embodiment of energy,
and his ability as a man of affairs is uni-
versally recognized. He is, comparatively
speaking, young, and brings to his new
office the vigor of youth, together with
ripe experience. His fellow-citizens, of
all parties, are proud of Col. Davis's suc-
cess, and THE CITIZEN heartily unites in
the general congratulation. Here's to
you, Colonel!

ACCIDENTALLY OMITTED.

A correspondent writes to say that in
the list of the Irish American lawyers of
note in this city, given last week, the
names of three of the best known
were omitted, namely, Lawrence Mc-
Eneaney, James Goggin, and John Mc-
Keough. THE CITIZEN stands convicted,
but as it did not pretend to publish a com-
plete list, and as the relations between the
gentlemen whose names were omitted
and the editor are of a friendly character
it will be readily divined that the omission
was unintentional.

MR. MARTIN MULCAHY.

Mr. Martin Mulcahy, of "the old Fifth,"
a respected citizen and a popular Irish
Nationalist, has just returned from an ex-
tensive pleasure trip to his native land,
where he was most cordially welcomed,
as was his due. Mr. Mulcahy speaks
hopefully of the Irish prospect, but is dis-
satisfied by the threatened famine in the old
land. He received the usual police at-
tention while sojourning in Ireland, but
bore it all with commendable fortitude.
Mr. Mulcahy, who is the soul of good
nature, was fairly laden down with "keep-
sakes" from the friends at home to those
in Chicago. THE CITIZEN rejoices in the
possession of a symmetrical blackthorn;
with knobs on it that would have made
our grandfathers' hearts rejoice, and their
opponents' heads tingle on a "fair day,"
in "the good old times." *Warrastroke!*

P.S.—The blackthorn is now in the
hands of the "fighting editor" of this
paper. All disputes of a warlike char-
acter are hereby referred to him. People
in search of apologies, retractions, cor-
rections, etc., etc., are particularly com-
mended to his courtesy. Also the borer
who never know when to quit.

THE Executive Committee of the Na-
tional League of America, the Hon. John
Fitzgerald, of Lincoln, Neb., president,
Dr. Charles O'Reilly, D.D., of Detroit,
treasurer, and Mr. John P. Sutton, of Lin-

coln, Neb., secretary, held a meeting in
Cincinnati this week to make prepara-
tions for the reception of the Irish parlia-
mentary delegates. Resolutions denoun-
cing the arrest of Dillon and O'Brien
by the British Government, and express-
ing regret for the death of John Boyle
O'Reilly, were passed.

MR. A. A. DOW, one of the oldest and best
known of Chicago's business men died
this week of a complication of diseases.

MR. ARTHUR W. O'NEILL, of the Tri-
bune editorial staff, was married to Miss
Marie Hathaway at St. John's Episcopal
church on Wednesday. The Rev. H. F.
Milligan performed the nuptial ceremony.
Miss Gertrude Gridley, of Waukegan, Ill.,
was bridesmaid, and Mr. Harry O'Neill,
brother of the groom, officiated as best
man. The honeymoon will be spent in
the Northwest. The young couple will
be at home to their friends at No. 4350
Langley avenue.

THE Know-nothing organizations should
call themselves the Patriotic Order of
Knights of the Azure Abdomen.

THE Rev. Charles O'Reilly, D.D., treas-
urer of the Irish National League of
America, has resigned the pastorate of
St. Patrick's parish, Detroit, and will visit
Europe for a year, after which he will
resume his priestly work in the Detroit
diocese. Dr. O'Reilly carries with him
on his European tour the love of his pa-
rishioners, and the best wishes of his fel-
low countrymen everywhere. St. Patrick's
has been designated as the Cathedral
church of Detroit by the Right Rev.
Bishop Foley.

THE Democrats of the Second Congres-
sional District have placed Lawrence R.
McGann in nomination for Congress. It
is said that his Republican opponent will
be State Senator James Monahan.

THE Republican editors who are shout-
ing for the withdrawal of Captain Tom
Sennott's name from the ticket are simply
crazy. Tom has been a good officer, and
his only fault is that he is just a little bit
too Irish for the storesaid editors. They
want a ticket with a complete array of
azure abdomens.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S paper, the *Labour
World*, is having a great run in En-
gland. Large orders have also been sent
from this country.

SOMEONE'S blunder undoubtedly
caused the terrible railroad wreck at
Lawndale on Monday evening. It is
high time that some of the blunders
were made to suffer severely under the
law for their criminal stupidity. Six
persons killed, and twenty injured for
life, is a big list of unfortunate. Let the
legal authorities do their full duty in this
matter.

It is said now that T. P. O'Connor and
James J. O'Kelly, M.P.'s, will take the
places of Dillon and O'Brien in the con-
templated American tour. Parnell's
health, he says, won't permit him to
come. The old man had better brace up
and cross the Atlantic. A sea voyage
would do him good. A little fresh Amer-
ican air and a few—well, say Yankee lem-
onades—would brace him up wonder-
fully. Come over, Mr. Parnell, by all
means.

ANOTHER very distinguished Irish
American man of letters has gone to his
reward, in the person of Mr. Daniel Con-
nolly, of New York, a prominent journal-
ist, and the gifted compiler of the "House-
hold Book of Irish Poetry," a work that
should be found in every home.

ATTRACTIONS AT HOOLEY'S.

Among the attractions at Hooley's The-
atre this season will be Mr. and Mrs. Ken-
dal, Mr. Augustin Daly's company, Mr.
Daniel Frohman's New York Lyceum
Theatre Company, Mr. E. H. Sothern in
his latest success, "The Master of Wood-
burrow," Rosina Vokes and her London
Comedy Company, the famous vaudeville
exponents, Rich and Harris, the Boston
Howard Atherton Company, Mr. Nat C.
Goodwin, Mr. J. K. Emmett, Mr. Joseph
Murphy, Mr. W. J. Scanlan, the great
London success from the Shaftesbury The-
atre, entitled, "The Middleman," with
Mr. Willard and original cast; Mr.
James O'Neill in "The Dead Heart,"
The superb Home Company of A. M.
Palmer, from the Madison Square The-
atre, New York, holds the boards at pres-
ent. Last week they rendered "Aunt
Jack," a very lively drama, but somewhat
below the standard of ability ever dis-
played by this fine dramatic combination.
This week they are playing "Saints and
Sinners," a society drama of great merit.

PERSONAL.

Dr. I. N. Lily, the well-known phys-
ician, was married to Miss Mary McLaugh-
lin at the Holy Trinity Church, recently,
the Rev. Father D. Hordern officiating.
Mr. James Connors officiated as best man,
and Miss A. E. McLaughlin, cousin of
the bride, as bridesmaid. The honey-
moon will be spent at Dr. Lily's ranch,
Greely Centre, Neb.

Mr. Richard D. Walsh, of the An-
acosta Mine, Anaconda, Mont., formerly
of this city, has been here visiting his
very large contingent of friends during
the week. The climate of Montana has
agreed with Mr. Walsh. He is delighted
with the people and the scenery of the
new state and predicts for it a glorious
future. Mr. Walsh left for Anaconda on
Wednesday evening.

T. Shaw, Merchant Tailor
No. 154 East Madison street, has custom-
ers at reasonable prices; also uniform
for all organizations.

FOOTBALL AND HURLING.

The Davitts Still Unconquered.

The most interesting games of football
and hurling ever witnessed in Chicago
were played on Sunday last, by the Mich-
ael Davitt and Innisfail clubs, on the Wan-
derers' grounds, Indiana avenue and
Thirty-seventh street. At 2 o'clock men,
women and children appeared on the
ground to see the native sports of the
mother country, and none was disappoint-
ed in the games that followed. The clash
and whirl of hurleys, the flying ball,
and the enthusiastic Irish about would make
one feel in spite of himself that he was
actually on Irish soil. The energy dis-
played was remarkable, and the science
and experience shown were no less. In
the three hours devoted to those cherished
Irish sports not an angry voice was heard,
no quarrel or dispute. The boys were all
for enjoyment, and nothing else, and they
amused themselves to their hearts' con-
tent. The gray-haired aires and dames
who looked on were enthusiastic and for-
got all cares as they beheld the sports and
in their imaginations were transported
back to the days when on the green fields
they played football themselves and
hurled with hurleys of alder and fury.

The comely ladies, with dainty dresses,
were in good force too, and with admiring
glances expressed approval of the exploits
of their friends on the field.
At 8 o'clock, when the tug-of-war com-
menced the grand stand and all available
space was occupied. This part of the pro-
gramme was contested by six men of the
Davitt club and six of the Innisfail. The
first pull lasted 4½ minutes, when the
Davitts gave way owing to the dexterity
rather than the superior strength of their
opponents. The sport following this was
hurling—the game of all others which is
essentially Irish. When the first hurley
was whirled, old men jumped to their feet
and forgot their rheumatic pains. One
venerable looking old gentleman in the
height of his enthusiasm to strike the ball
leaped over the line that encircled the
playing ground. In the hurling the well
known scagarr, the Rev. Father Emmet
O'Mahony, took part, and before he got
through showed the boys that he well
knew how to handle a hurley. A half hour
was devoted to the old pastime.

Next followed the exciting game of foot-
ball. Both teams, headed by their cap-
tains, marched in military order to the
centre of the ground. The captains were
William Martin of the Innisfail and J. W.
Wolfe of the Davitts. The match all
through was well contested, and owing to
the general good arrangement and the
good judgment of the referee, T. F. Jones,
perfect harmony prevailed from the start,
and no time was wasted in useless ex-
change of words. The Davitts got choice
of sides and played for the south goal.
After ten minutes hard play they forced
the ball into their opponents territory, and
P. Mulcahy giving it a full kick put it
flying over the horizontal bar, and a point
was scored by the Davitts. Nothing was
gained by either side during the balance
of the first half hour, which shows how
close the contest was. Once the Innisfail
rushed the ball to the Davitts' goal line,
but a kick from the goal keeper, F. J.
Ryan, put it back into the field.

After the first half hour and a recess of
ten minutes the players again came to-
gether in the centre of the field and the
ball was thrown amongst them by the
referee. It was immediately forced into
Innisfail ground, and Stanley, of the
Davitts, kicked it to the Innisfail goal
line, and a point was claimed by the
former but not granted. The Davitts
soon, however, gained a second point.
The ball being then kicked from the In-
nisfail line, they followed it up, bringing
it in close proximity to the Davitts' goal
posts. After a fierce and steady struggle,
which lasted several minutes, the ball was
seen flying over the Davitts' goal line, the
Innisfail obtaining a point, with rounds
of applause from the spectators.

In a few minutes the ball was in the
centre of the field again, and the playing
was close and doubtful. Finally the ball
was pushed into the Innisfail's ground,
and after a few minutes a kick given by
J. Dooly shot it right under the horizon-
tal bar of the Innisfail goal line, and a
goal was scored for the Davitts.

Neither a goal or point was scored after
and the time was soon called. The score
stood: Davitts, 1 goal and 3 points; In-
nisfail, 1 point.

The players on the Davitts' side were:
Captains, J. W. Wolfe; full backs, F. J.
Ryan, J. Kennedy, D. Ahearn, W. O'Brien;
half backs, J. Ryan, M. Stanley and P.
Mulcahy; right field, R. Wolfe and T.
Prendergast; left field, J. Wolfe and J.
Furlong; rushers, P. Gallagher, M. Ki-
leam, P. Wolfe, J. Dooly, C. Casey; full
forwards, E. Ahearn, W. Furlong and J.
Carroll. Referee, T. F. Jones; field
umpire, Davitts, J. Sullivan; Innisfail,
B. Ambrose; goal umpire—Davitts, T.
Wolfe and M. Hanniffy; Innisfail, T.
Coughlin and W. Creed.

There were some of the players who
deserve special mention, but where all
did so well it would be hardly right to
speak of a few. A few more games such
as that played Sunday will put the G.A.A.
in Chicago on good footing, and cannot
fail to be patronized. The harmony and
good nature that prevailed was a delig-
htful feature, and may be looked to as an
example for all coming matches.

The players on the Innisfail's side were
William Martin, captain; P. O'Leary,
vice captain; M. Creed, goal keeper; John
Burke, P. Windell, E. Wall, full backs;
John McNeill, Joseph Taylor, Tim Sul-
livan, half backs; backs; E. Byrne, left
wing; William Byrne, right wing; John
O'Connor, Wm. McCallough, D. O'Leary,
P. O'Sullivan, T. White, M. O'Connor,
forwards; Charles Broderick, Michael
Walsh, full forwards; P. Coughlan and
D. Coughlan, goal umpires; Robert Am-
brose, field umpire.

Local Catholic News.

A fair and the usual entertainments
opened last Monday evening in St. Stan-
islaus Hall, Eighteenth and Johnson
streets, for the benefit of the Church of
the Sacred Heart.

The Rev. H. G. Van Pelt was ordained
to the priesthood in the Cathedral on the
20th inst. Father Van Pelt was educated
in St. Ignatius College.

The choir of St. Mary's Church is pre-
paring for Christmas the celebrated
Grand Mass of List. Prof. Edelman is
adding new members to the chorus for
that occasion.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LIMERICK.

THE CANON TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF.
The strained relations between Canon Bagot and the people of Narraghmore parish no longer exist, the Canon having stated that in future his intercourse with the emergency party will only extend so far as his duties as a clergyman will require.

AN "AGRICULTURAL" PAUPER.
The master of the Ballyglass Workhouse appointed as wardman over the union an inmate for whose arrest the police had a warrant that was issued by the guardians, and who, while in the house, was registered as belonging successively to several sections of Christianity, and also as a freethinker. The guardians censured the master for having made such an appointment.

A GROSS DISCOVERY.
An extraordinary discovery was made in a house at Ballymore, near Athlone. The house passed from the possession of a man named Kearney. A bedroom floor requiring repairs, some of the old boards were removed and the skeleton of a human being found, beside which there was an old clay pipe, a shilling and a quantity of decayed rags. It is stated that some thirty years ago a man named Munnion, a relative of the late tenant, disappeared from the district and was believed to have gone to America, but no tidings were ever heard of him.

A HEART OF HEIL.
A farmer named Brett was evicted at Johnstown, Kilkenny, by an ex-police man named Thomas Burke. Brett offered to pay his rent or submit to arbitration, but Burke would have nothing less than extermination.

AN ALLEGED FEMALE CATTLE STEALER.
Julia Dempsey, aged 55 years, residence refused, appeared in the dock at Southern Division Court, Dublin, dressed in male attire, wearing black clothes and a black jersey hat. She was charged with having in her possession two heifers and bullock for which she was unable to give a satisfactory account. The cattle are supposed to have been stolen. When asked her name she stated it was "Jack Dempsey." She was held for further examination.

PREACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.
One of the extraordinary scenes at Arklow, which have been enacted Sunday after Sunday for the past three months, was witnessed again on the 7th inst. The Rev. Mr. Hallows and the Rev. Mr. Harper made another attempt to conduct a service in the open street, and once again was the effort rendered completely abortive by the noisy opposition of a section of the Catholic population.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Mr. Ludwig is a Dublin man, his real name being Ledwidge, and his father in the old Theatre Royal days in Dublin combined the duties of librarian and singing utility at the theatre with that of second tenor on Sundays and holidays at the Marlborough Street Cathedral.

A new lifeboat named the "Robert Fitzgibbon," belonging to the National Lifeboat Institution, arrived at Carne, Wexford, where she is to be stationed.

A handsome concrete erection of light house shape has just been finished at the extremity of the North Breakwater at Wexford. The mark is principally intended as a guide to boats when high water almost completely covers the breakwater. The work was carried out under the direction of Mr. Ryan, C. E.

A young farmer named Maher was accidentally shot dead, with his own gun, in a cornfield close to Thomastown.

The locked-out Dublin coalporters decided to reject the coal merchants' offer of arbitration, coupled, as it is, with the condition that free labor shall be admitted. A lock out has also occurred at the works of the Irish Portland Cement and Brick Manufacturing Company.

The Carnarvon races were favored with gloriously fine weather. Since last year the course has been considerably improved. The attendance was good and all the arrangements most satisfactory.

Mr. Michael J. Heery, who was well known in National circles in Dublin, died rather suddenly on the 1st inst.

Quite a novel enterprise is shortly to be started in Dublin, namely, the brewing of lager beer. Messrs. John Store & Sons are the firm who are about to embark in the industry, which has never before been worked in Ireland. The brewery will be established on a site on the banks of the Dodder, near Palmerstown Park. Estimates, where the ruins of a mill have been for a long time standing.

At the Athy petty sessions, recently, John Oates Lord, of Athy, son of a local solicitor, was returned for trial to the next quarter sessions at Nass (ball being accepted to the amount of £300, and two surpluses of £100 each), on a charge of having forged a check for £1 on the E. R. Bank, in the name of Mr. R. R. Kennedy, R. M. Carlow, which check he gave to Mr. P. Whelan, of Duke street, Athy, in payment of an account of 9s, receiving its cash.

A young laboring boy, named Thomas Roche, working with Mr. Liffan, of Moortown, near Ballymilly, was found dead in a gripe a short distance from Liffan's house. An inquest was held and a verdict of apoplexy was returned.

The Kavanaghs of Laggacurren, who have refused to join the people's combination on the estate, had a number of cattle in Athy last recently. A number of dealers refused to have anything to do with the cattle. The well known Pat Mackey, however, had no such squeamishness, and bought up the stock. A number of policemen in uniform remained in close proximity to the cattle

while in the fair, and escorted them to Mackey's place afterwards.

MUNSTER.

A POB TO PRINTER'S INK.
Mr. Drury, the auditor, has surcharged three members of the Tipperary town commissioners £800, paid for printing and advertising in connection with the holding of the new fair.

LETTERS THAT NEVER CAME.

A young fellow named James Frahill, aged 23, a postman at Queenstown, was searched within the precincts of the post office, and on his person were discovered quite a number of letters, postal packages, and post cards. Many of the letters had been opened, the contents of which informed the examiner that they had contained valuables. The accused on being questioned as to their whereabouts admitted they were at home. The police at once made a search there, and discovered, among other things five watches, a set of false teeth, and quite a number of other articles. He was returned for trial.

PEELERS FIGHT LIKE DEVILS.

A constabulary inquiry has been held at Deshure police barracks, Sixtine, nine miles from Macroom, into an extraordinary row between the members of the constabulary stationed there. It originated in a quarrel between two policemen, but finally their comrades took sides, and almost all the police engaged in the melee.

HONORS WERE EVEN.

At Ashford, West Limerick, a public meeting was held in connection with the labor question. Late in the evening a collision took place between the police and those people who remained in the village, during which the former charged the crowd at the point of the bayonet. One constable and a civilian were injured, but not seriously.

A DISSENTIENT SON.

The sub-sheriff of the county Limerick proceeded to Kiltoughlan, about two miles from Newcastle West, and evicted Michael Flanagan and John Toomey, two tenants on the estate of Mr. Edward William O'Brien, D.L.

AN OUTRAGE FACTORY IN CLARE.

The whole world knows that outrages are got up in Clare by agents of the government. It is the county of Sergeant O'Halloran, of ten pound note removal, of the operations of Sergeant Whelan and the informer Cullinan; and we are perfectly entitled to assume the government money is at the bottom of every outrage which disgraces the county.—United Ire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

New Tipperary is growing at a rapid rate.

Canon Rice, Charleville, is going to make a short tour through the United States and Canada.

An inquest was held in Thurles on the body of John Noonan, carriage examiner, who was run down by the pilot engine recently. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Thomas Barry, Killavullen, was released from Cork Jail on Sept. 2, after undergoing imprisonment under the Coercion act for the offense of brushing against a policeman at Fermoy.

In Clonbeg harvesters get 2s a day and grub; mowers 4s a day and grub, but most of the harvest is cut by machinery.

A young man in the employment of Mr. P. O'Keefe, Ormond Hotel, Clonmel, was arrested on a charge preferred by Mr. McDougall, Gladstone street, Clonmel, of having used intimidation towards a man who was loading goods outside the door of the latter. The defendant was bound to the peace for six months, or to go to jail for one month.

The threatened strike of operative bakers of the counties of Waterford and Kilkenny has been averted, the masters agreeing to give an increase of 3s per week and abolish night work.

Mr. Boland, master of the Clonmel workhouse, stated at the meeting of the guardians that if a fire broke out in that institution he should survey it with folded arms owing to the want of a water supply.

The general opinion at Limerick is that the potato yield this year will not be quarter that of previous years.

There is a rumor that Lord Lansdowne is about to disperse with the services of his pious agent, John T. Trench.

The Ballyduff Upper Gaelic Club have challenged the Kinsale team to play at Cappoquin for the championship of the county Waterford.

The auditor has surcharged Mr. Dalton, chairman of the Tipperary board of guardians, the sum of £50, given by way of outdoor relief to John Maher, Bilboa. He also, in his last report, referred to the excessive expenditure for medicines, which amounted for the half year to £393.

Thos. O'Brien, skipper of the schooner W. J. Cummins, Arklow, was drowned at Tarbert recently.

At the Limerick Gaelic sports J. M. Ryan, Tipperary, cleared 6 feet 1½ inches in the high jump.

Mr. William Ryan has resigned his appointment as solicitor to the Clonmel corporation, a position he held for forty years.

The Ballyduff branch of the National League is opposed to the Limerick races because several landlords are on the race committee.

The strike in the locomotive department of the Waterford & Limerick railway continues.

A public meeting was held in Drumclough, on Sept. 1, for the purpose of strengthening the organization of the National League in the district.

James H. Dalton, petty session clerk, tendered his resignation at recent meeting of the Abbeyfeale petty sessions court. On Sept. 2 the remains of the late Dr. John McDonogh were interred at the new cemetery near Killarney.

coast of Kerry, at the close of the last century, and lived in Ireland till she was 26 years of age.

DOONAGHY.

BREATHES ONCE MORE HIS NATIVE AIR.
The arrival at Boyle of Mr. Jasper Tully, of the Roscommon Herald, from Tullamore, after his three months' imprisonment under the Coercion act, was made the occasion of a great demonstration.

ALL SHREVE AT BAULEFIELD.
The sub-sheriff recently arrived on the Baulefield estate, Sligo, for the purpose of evicting seventeen tenants for non payment of rent, but owing to the intervention of Rev. P. P. Scully, an agreement was arrived at and the tenants allowed to remain in their homes.

FROM A WORKHOUSE TO A SADDLE.
William Mulken, for many years the assistant clerk of Westport union, has joined the Queen's Bays.

BALLYMAHON HORSE RACES.
The annual race meeting of this sporting district came off on a fairly good course close to the town. An immense gathering of country folk from the adjoining districts attended the meeting.

MISCELLANEOUS.
The Roscommon Board of Guardians have again applied for a loan of £500 to sink an artesian well in the town.

A meeting of the Suck Drainage Board was held at Roscommon courthouse, on Sept. 3, Mr. John Flynn in the chair. A communication was read from the Board of Works in reference to the purchase of Castlecoote Mills, stating that their prices were too high, and that some effort should be made to reduce it.

Mr. Fraser, C. E. has been in Ballina recently engaged trying to effect arrangements with landowners and occupiers for the acquisition of the necessary lands for the Killala railway, without the delay which the consideration of separate claims, arbitration, and possible litigation, would involve.

Miss Good, eldest daughter of Mr. Good, of Rutledge's land agency, Westport, took a distinguished place at the recent examinations, leading in mathematics. A gold medal, and £20 a year for three years, is something to be proud of, especially when the winner is only 16 years old.

The priests of the deanery of Westport passed an urgent resolution at a conference, calling on the government to at once intervene, and by giving employment, save the people of the west from famine threatened by the failure of the potato crop.

For the position of relieving officer for Abbey district, Tuam, there were three candidates. Messrs. John Hanly, Barnard, R. O., p. m.; Thomas Hughes, Corcoran; and Martin Connolly, of Killarney. Mr. Hanly was elected.

ULSTER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A shocking description of the condition of the dead house in Lurgan work-house was given in a quaint letter from the Roman Catholic chaplain, who stated that it was impossible to keep it clean, and that the coffins were piled one on another promiscuously so that he sometimes found himself saving prayers by mistake over the body of an Orangeman.

Andrew Ingles, of Hightown, was fined for abusing and annoying Father Nolan, Larn; Father Burns, St. Patrick's, Belfast; and Father Collins, Stranraer, who were driving out to visit Killybegs Castle. To such a degree did Ingles carry on the abuse and annoyance that the clergymen were compelled to relinquish their drive.

An old man about 73 years of age, named Hugh Orr, committed suicide at his residence on Woodstock road, Belfast.

The Rt. Rev. John Pius Leahy, Catholic Bishop of Down, died on Sunday, Sept. 7, after a long and painful illness, in the 88th year of his age.

On the 29th ult., a ballist's assistant named McFarland, was arrested in Dunganstown on the charge of firing at James Hewson, at Castlecaulfield. The accused was brought before Dr. Marmon, J. P., and held for examination.

On the 21st inst., the Sisters of Mercy were appointed to take charge of the Cavan workhouse infirmary.

The necessary capital has been subscribed by several influential gentlemen and merchants in Newry towards the fund for the establishment of a bacon curing company in the town.

Mr. Blane, M. P., has received a letter from the home secretary (Mr. Matthews), stating that he has ordered a special medical investigation into the case of Peter Callaghan.

THERMOPTIC.
This is the place—the mountain bay
Is wild and stern and grand,
As when the Lion held the way
That barred his mother land.

Long years and change and earthquake shock
Have wrought upon the scene;
Where once the sea waves lapped the rock
Are meadow lands green and gray
To hide the setting sun.

And still the mountains bar the way,
And every way but one;
The sulphur springs still fume and flow
Along the rough hillsides,
And far off Othello lies in snow
Seen where the Spartan died.

There is a spirit haunts the place
Where mighty deeds were done,
Though time and change have left no trace,
And not a grave is spared;
And climbing up the grassy hill
Where Spartan's lion stood
The heart still answers to the thrill
That marks the hero mood.

And as I read the page again,
That quickens from the hundred men
The tale of those three hundred men
Who died to keep their trust,
I know the fire was not yet lost
That saved my younger age—
The shadow of an eagle crossed,
And fell along my page!

—Murray's Magazine.

All humors of the scalp, tetter, scurf, and dandruff cured, and falling hair checked; hence, baldness prevented by using Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Restorer.

THE FIRST LOVE.

BY L. L.

In a lumber attic room,
Where the want of light and air,
Years had died within the gloom—
Leaving dead dust everywhere,
Everywhere;
Hung the portrait of a lady,
With a face so fair!

Time had long since dulled the paint—
Time that all our art defies—
And the features now were faint,
All except the wondrous eyes—
Wondrous eyes,
Ever looking, looking, looking,
With such sad surprise.

As man loveth, man had loved
Her whose features faded there;
As man mourneth, man had mourned,
Weeping in his dark despair,
Bitter tears,
When she left him broken-hearted,
To his death of years.

Then for months the picture bent
All its eyes upon his face,
Following his where'er he went—
Till another life the place
In its stead—
Till the features of the living
Did outface the dead.

Then for years it hung above
Hidden like a sense of shame;
Fading with the fading love,
In the mockery of its frame—
Save the eyes,
Ever looking, ever looking,
With such sad surprise.

Once there moved upon the stair
Olden love-steps mounting slow,
But the face that met him there
Drove him to the depths below;
For those eyes
Through his soul seemed looking, looking,
All their sad surprise.

From that day the door was nailed
Of the memory-haunted room,
And the portrait faded and paled
In the dead dust and the gloom—
Save the eyes,
Ever looking, ever looking,
With such sad surprise.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 4, A. O. U. E., a committee, consisting of Peter F. Radigan, Daniel Condon, and Edward Connors, offered the following resolutions, which were adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved brother, John Kelley; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of the deceased brother our Division has lost a true and faithful member in the cause of friendship, unity, and true Christian charity.

Resolved, That we deplore the loss of so steadfast a member and tender our heartfelt sympathy to his wife and family, knowing the void made by his death can never be filled, trusting his soul has gained that bright land where sorrow is unknown.

Resolved, That we tender to his wife and family our heartfelt sympathy in their trial and affliction, and trust that their days of anguish may be somewhat alleviated by the knowledge that while among us he was a good Christian life, and that while we mourn his loss we must try and imitate his good example.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to his memory these resolutions be entered upon the records of the Division and inserted in THE CITIZEN, and a copy sent to the wife of our deceased brother.

THE BEST MEDICAL WRITERS CLAIM that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote scores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past half century is a record of failure, and that while we treat catarrh as nothing more than a local ailment, and that patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms yield to it.

SOMETHING INTERESTING TO EVERY FAMILY.
It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bressner's "Bureka" bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farms. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

TO THE DEAF.
A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

THE ONLY ONE.
The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid vestibuled, electric-lighted, and steam-heated trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid vestibuled, electric-lighted, and steam-heated trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The berth reading lamp feature in the Pullman Sleeping Cars run on these lines is patented, and cannot be used by any other railway company. It is the great improvement of the age. Try it and be convinced.

For tickets, sleeping-car reservations, and all information, apply at the company's ticket office, 307 and 209 Clark street, or at its passenger station, Madison, Canal and Adams streets.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets
via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 23, May 30, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 305 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

A SUCCESSFUL WORK.

Mr. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac" Reaches a Second Edition Within the Space of Four Months!

Complimentary Comments by the American, British and Irish Newspapers.

THE SECOND EDITION.

The success of "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux" has been almost phenomenal. Almost all of the first large edition has been disposed of, and a second edition will be issued about Sept. 15. All who desire to possess a volume which has won the plaudits of the American, German, English, Scotch and Irish press, should give their orders at the earliest possible date. The subjoined press opinions—selected from hundreds of others—will be read with interest:

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[New York Critic.]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and sometimes luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic. In such a war there can be no non-combatants, and the author was often in danger, and once, when trapped with a scouting party, in extreme peril. The general movements of the troops, the marches, encampments and battles are well narrated.

What is likely to be known of poor Custer's last combat, which so white witness survived to report. . . . Fortunately for himself and his readers, Mr. Finerty has escaped these varied dangers to give the public his very readable and commendable book.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[New York Nation, July 31.]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dream of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually receded. Within the next ten days the same savage foe overwhelmed Custer more than twenty miles away. What is known as the Sibley scout, a reconnaissance of about thirty men that fell in with an overwhelming war party in the Tongue River country, is perhaps the most thrilling episode described. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIONS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptions of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[Scranton (Pa.) Truth.]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. . . . It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the greatest merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romantic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAKONS.

[London Saturday Review (Nov.) July 12.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitering party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong position with a wood behind it, through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if surrounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Guard, they crept off unobserved, amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalp of the party which had vanished.

They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[Edinburgh (Scotland) Scotsman.]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war has touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

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DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.
[New York Times.]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 600 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[New York Herald.]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[New York Independent.]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago Times, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE BOYS WHO TAG ON BEHIND.

With a clasp, and blade, and boom, and beat,
The big procession marches
Through the lane of applause, through the shout-
ing street,
And under the towering arches,
They march as grand as a conquering host.
With many a plume and banner,
As Sherman's army marched to the coast,
And into the streets of Savannah,
And the sun that glints from their helmets bright
Will dazzle, and gleam, and blind,
But there follows them, like a string to a kite,
The small boys who tag on behind, the small boys
who tag on behind;
The best of the show, I would have you all
know,
Is the small boy who tags on behind!
A rabble that wabbles and tumbles about
Like bunnies who bring up the rear.
They jostle, and giggle, and quarrel, and shout,
And hoot, and jangle, and jeer;
But I watch for the glad ragamuffin parade,
For the brave little barefooted bunnies,
And I leave the crowd for the boys' brigade,
And I leave the fliers and drummers.
March on, my lads, for the route is long.
And the way is hard to find,
There's a long march ahead for the brave and
strong,
And small boys who tag on behind.
The small boys who tag on behind, the small boys
who tag on behind;
Long, long must you tread through the grim
days ahead,
You small boys who tag on behind.

—Yankee Blade.

WAITING.

In the summer of 1871 I visited a schoolmate of mine whose husband had lived some distance from the home of her girlhood in one of the rich parishes of Louisiana.

They lived out in the country, about twelve miles from the Mississippi river, and on the border of the loveliest sheet of water I ever beheld. It was a lake in reality, but the native inhabitants called it a river. They seemed to attach very little importance to the beauty of its scenery; indeed, it was ignored, except by strangers who visited the country. In the midst of this lake was an island, at times fairy like in the hazy atmosphere. From the residence of my friend it was my delight to contemplate the shifting reflection of droll houses and tall trees mirrored on the water's glassy surface. On fine evenings I sauntered on the banks and watched these changing aspects of sunset. Sometimes we drove around the shore that we might catch a glimpse of the orb extending itself into a fiery column across the waves.

During several of these rides my attention was attracted by a dilapidated dwelling which stood at some distance from the road. It was partly concealed by dense shrubbery, resembling in foliage the Cherokee rose.

Each time we passed the house I noticed the figure of a woman sitting at the top of the front steps. Her general appearance struck me as that of a creature in a forlorn condition. She seemed emaciated in form, was wretchedly clad, and wore over her head something which seemed to be a colored handkerchief. At first my curiosity was not in the least excited, for often on our excursions round the lake I had met women in similar attire. But when evening after evening we rode by and I saw the creature in the same position, her elbow upon her knee and her chin resting in the palm of her hand, I began to wonder whether she ever vacated her seat at the head of those stairs. The idea even occurred to me that she might be some permanent object which my vivid imagination had transformed into an aged crone.

"Who is she?" I ventured to ask my friend; "that ancient dame who has stationed herself over there?"

"Ancient dame!" she exclaimed, "why she is only a few years older than I am. I scrutinized the youthful figure and well preserved features beside me.

"Impossible! she seems old enough to be your grandmother."

"Indeed she is not. I remember the time when we went to balls together. She was then an acknowledged belle, and so charming in appearance that she excited the envy of all the girls in the country."

"And, pray, what manner of evil has befallen the woman and reduced her to this untimely state of decrepitude?"

"Her history you may find sadly interesting. Shall I tell it to you now?"

"By all means," I replied, "and meanwhile I will watch the last rays of the sun sporting among the peach orchards and shanties on the island. The scenery demands admiration."

"You would not believe," began Estelle, "that the crazy old house we have just passed was once the residence of a planter who lived in 'grand style,' according to the opinion of his contemporaries, in antebellum days. Its appearance would justify you in doubting my statement, for there is no vestige left of its departed glory. It was, nevertheless, once considered a comfortable and attractive home, where the young people of that period often met for social enjoyments. I perceive from your face that it is difficult for you to associate those crumbling walls with a home once comfortable and pleasant. But you must bear in mind that this portion of the parish was settled by a class of people very simple and primitive in their mode of living."

They were under the impression that they had been blessed with the good things of life, and they accepted their lot with contentment. Old Mr. Jacob, the owner of the place, was a man of that sort. Although uneducated and somewhat uncouth in his manners, he was kind hearted and sociable, and always anxious to have his friends about him. He took particular pride in a flower garden, where jasmines and olives embalm the air, and where choice roses and a variety of shrubbery flourished in reckless profusion! You now find no trace of this old fashioned garden; shrubs and plants have all been swept from existence."

"All but the Cherokee rose," I teasingly suggested. "Was that classed among the rare plants?"

"That thick growth which you have taken for the Cherokee," continued Estelle, "is a species of climbing rose, much like the cloth of gold. It once trailed over the summer house, and is, perhaps, the only relic left of the pleas-

ant past. It is evident that the rose has grown wild, for it is rioting over the premises. Cecile, that 'ancient dame' of yours, was the youngest of Mr. Jacob's family. Just at the close of the war she was in the bloom of youth and a splendid type of Creole beauty—tall and lithe, and the grace of every motion gave one an undefined impression of the indolence and voluptuousness of her nature. She was a brunette with a rich color, and her dark eyes were as melting as those of a gazelle.

"The girl was not considered intelligent, and her education had been sadly neglected; but there was in her manners a native refinement which gave her entrance in the best society. I remember so well her appearance at a party given in honor of a company of recruits on the eve of their departure for northern Louisiana. Ball costumes in those days were not elaborate affairs, nor had fashion much voice in our little community. Estelle wore a satin robe somewhat antiquated in style, but it fitted her nicely and brought into strong relief the freshness of her beauty."

"You may imagine the disastrous effects of such a combination of loveliness on the rest of us maidens who had been less favored by nature. That evening Cecile received the homage of many a handsome and gallant cavalier. Among the number was Capt. Lymon, a Texan, whose regiment had done some service in the state. The reason of this officer's return to the parish was a matter of conjecture. He lingered, however, under a plausible pretext, spending most of his time flirting with the girls."

"But after his acquaintance with Cecile he changed his conduct and devoted himself exclusively to her. He was a man of education and apparently of high standing in life. Cecile was elated and accepted his attentions with unfeigned satisfaction. She renounced her life of frivolity and wrapped herself in a mantle of reserve at the approach of her former admirer. You must know that some time previous to this she had either engaged herself or given great encouragement to a cousin of hers, a Creole youth, also an officer in the army."

"Victor was dark and of small stature, but he possessed a sort of wild beauty which fascinated most people. There was a glint in his black eyes which reminded one of the leaping light in Algor. The boy was madly in love with his beautiful cousin, and there had been a time when she had given him every reason to believe that his affection was returned. But since her late infatuation she had grown cold, and would turn from him her luminous eyes each time he sought an explanation of the change which had overtaken her. He was determined not to relinquish his prize without a struggle; hence there were several meetings at the paternal home, where the antagonistic propensities of the suitors were exhibited in personal remarks. Capt. Lymon's assumption of haughtiness in the presence of his rival irritated Victor beyond endurance and aroused the demon of jealousy in his breast."

"One evening, as it often occurred, Cecile and her two lovers were pacing slowly up and down the garden walk. She held in her hand a bunch of violets which her cousin had gathered for her a few moments before. Several times she unconsciously raised it to her red lips, burying them in the odoriferous mass."

"Pray, Miss Cecile," said the captain, "will you give me those flowers pressed so warmly to your lips?"

"Cecile looked inquiringly into her cousin's face."

"Je te defends," Victor muttered in a peremptory tone."

"The girl had been spoiled, and, unaccustomed to be dictated to, that voice of authority drove her to a hasty decision. Without a moment's hesitation she turned to Capt. Lymon and laid the flowers in his hand. Victor's eyes flashed with indignation at this unmerited blow to his manly pride. His cousin's cruelty clove to his heart as with a knife. He gave her a scornful look, turned upon his heels and departed. A week after this occurred Capt. Lymon was recalled to his post of duty. Thus Cecile found herself suddenly bereft of both her lovers."

"This circumstance was not calculated to enliven her situation. She now eschewed the gayeties of life, and relinquished further association with her old acquaintances."

"The country was then full of young girls, whose exuberance of spirits could not be checked even by the sad tidings which reached them from the closing scenes of war. We had little to do except to amuse ourselves, and we resorted to every possible means of satisfying our natural propensities for pleasure. We took great delight in horseback rides. There was a lack of cavaliers, but we did not care, and rode out in gay parties, half a dozen in a 'squad,' as we called it. Cecile had generally accompanied us in these jaunts, either along the river or down Grosse Tete lane to the woods, where the pungent odors of wild plants and flowers filled our senses with exhilarating delight."

"Before the complications of her love affairs Cecile had been the most interesting one in our riding parties, for she was a graceful rider and fond of displaying her skill. But after the incident I have just related she declined with persistence every invitation to join us until we lost the habit of calling upon her when passing her gate."

"On our return home I will show you a clump of trees now battered and gnarled with age. They stand on the river bank in front of Mr. Jacob's dwelling. At the time alluded to they were young and vigorous, and so distributed that their limbs interlaced and formed a magnificent bower. It was a most inviting spot. Beneath this canopy of leaves Mr. Jacob had placed a number of comfortable seats, where he and his guests often enjoyed a siesta on warm summer days. The people of the neighborhood often stopped here, either for a rest or for the enjoyment of the cool breeze which comes from the river."

"One evening, on our return from a long and dusty ride, we passed the place at about sunset. The sight of the cool retreat reminded me of a spring which

bubbled from the bank a few feet below it. I suggested the idea of dismounting in order to quench our thirst, and I was the first to leap from my pony and penetrate the shadowy recess. Guess my surprise when in the gathering twilight I perceived our deserted Cecile."

"She stood in the subdued light like a Calypso ready to resent an intrusion within the sacred precinct of her grotto. 'Why, Cecile,' I exclaimed, 'I took you for a ghost!'"

"For answer she burst into a little irritable laugh—'Thanks for your compliment.'"

"I knew she was not in amiable mood, but went up to her and kissed her lightly on the cheek. She did not change her attitude nor unlock her arms from behind her. Her air provoked me, and I walked to the bank, saying, 'I hope there is no law prohibiting people from quaffing a draught at the spring!'"

"At that moment I heard the chatter of our little cavalcade. 'Oh, gracious, here's Cecile!' 'We thought you were dead and buried!' 'What have you been doing with yourself, Cecile?' 'Turning nun, I suppose, to expiate for the sin of breaking hearts.' 'What have you done with your lovers?' 'Where is poor Cousin Victor?' 'And the gallant captain?' These were some of the questions which fell upon her like a hail storm."

"I pitied the girl and rushed to her rescue. 'Girls,' I cried, at the same time struggling up the rugged steps in the embankment, 'come on—the water is deliciously cool.'"

"But my invitation was unheeded; Cecile stood in the midst of her tormentors, more beautiful than I had ever seen her before. Notwithstanding her increasing anger there was in her eyes an expression which aroused my compassion. It was evident that the girl had suffered, and that she was anxious to hide the fact from us. Her struggles to control her emotions were vain; the color fled from her cheeks and her lips quivered. The conduct of her friends was rude and ungenerous, and she considered herself affronted."

"How does that concern you? I must say I consider you most unmannerly," were the words which fell upon us like a clap of thunder. Our astonishment knew no bounds, and without further ceremony we hastened from the scene where our pride had met so shocking a blow."

"This little incident happened about a month after Cecile's quarrel with her cousin Victor. No one had received tidings of him since his disappearance."

"We afterward heard that a few weeks after Capt. Lymon's departure Cecile had been the recipient of a document which proved beyond doubt the duplicity of the man for whose sake she had forfeited the love of a worthy man. Imagine her humiliation, her vain regrets and the remorse which must have gnawed at her heart like a worm. The evening we surprised her under the trees we were ignorant of this important state of affairs. Her incivility toward us proved that she misconstrued our motives in stopping; she supposed we had heard of her troubles, and to tease her we had purposely intruded upon her."

"This was the end of our association with her. The war was now ended and I returned to the convent to complete my education. One by one the soldiers came straggling home. Many were missing, but they were all accounted for; some had fallen in battle and others had succumbed to the hardships of war. But Victor, the handsome creole, never more gladdened with his presence the hearts of his friends."

"At first Cecile awaited his return with a patience pitiful to see, but when month after month went by and no tidings came of him, she gave vent to her despair in violent and uncontrollable grief. To this day no one has ascertained his fate. Some believed that the unfortunate youth was killed in an encounter with Capt. Lymon. It is certain that he never rejoined his company after he left the parish."

"And Cecile, during all these years, has been brooding over her secret sorrow. She is now a wreck, on the borders of insanity. They tell me that there is in her face a wistful, longing look which appeals to the heart. Sometimes it is wild and despairing and overshadows her once beautiful eyes. She has lost all interest in life, and passes her time wandering over the premises, or else she sits where you have often seen her, apparently watching for somebody. Mr. Jacob, ever kind and faithful, has been her guardian."

"Soon after the close of the war he withdrew from the society of his friends and consecrated his life to the service of his beloved Cecile, once the pride of his house."

"On our homeward ride we passed the old house in the dusk of evening. 'Look!' exclaimed my friend, suddenly checking the horse. 'There is Mr. Jacob now, walking toward the banks with his daughter.'"

I scanned the couple with curiosity. The old man was bareheaded, and walked in a stooping posture like one carrying a heavy burden. His shabby clothes hung loosely about him, and the brim of his old hat partially concealed his long straggling locks."

Just as we passed them Cecile turned her face in our direction and silently beckoned to her father."

I shall never forget that weird figure silhouetted in the light of a dying day.—Epsilon in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A NEW SWindle.

The latest swindle is accomplished by means of a double fountain pen, one end filled with good ink, the other with ink that fades away in a day or two. The sharper's plan is to call on farmers or others, make a trade so advantageous to them that they are willing to agree to it, write the contract or agreement with the ink that fades, then manage so that the victim signs it with the ink that lasts. Then, in a few days, they have the name on a sheet of blank paper on which any sort of a note can be written. People who read the papers are careful how they sign their names to any document offered by a stranger. Others are caught in this new trap.—Lewiston Journal.

SAD END TO A PICNIC.

A Terrible Railway Wreck Occurs at Chicago.

FIVE PERSONS MEET THEIR DOOM.

An Express Train Crashes into the Rear of a Freight Train in Which Were Passengers of a German Lutheran Orphan Asylum and a Frightful Disaster Is the Result—A Fatal Wreck on the Wabash Road.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—As the result of "somebody's" criminal carelessness five human beings were crushed to death and nearly a score of others more or less badly hurt in a railway smash-up on the Burlington tracks at Kedzie avenue and Eighteenth street Sunday evening. Sunday morning sixty-five car-loads of German Lutherans, representing the church patrons of the German Lutheran Orphan asylum, embarked for Addison, a station some fifty miles from this city to hold their annual picnic. They went via the Illinois Central, the train being divided into four sections. The "Q" tracks as far as Forreston. At about 5 o'clock the picnicers embarked for home, the four sections starting within a few minutes of each other.

The Fatal Crash.

The fourth section, in charge of Conductor Carrington and Engineer Seavers, reached the Kedzie avenue station at about 7 o'clock. A freight train being on the track ahead Seavers brought his train to a stop. He was obliged to wait about fifteen minutes for a clear track. Just as he started his engine the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy suburban train known as "Downers express" came dashing down the line at the rate of thirty miles an hour and crashed into the rear of the excursion train. Then followed one of those terrible scenes so often chronicled of late. The night air was filled with the shrieks of dying and injured women and the groans and curses of men. The car next forward of the rear was sent crashing half way through the coach ahead. It was driven like a wedge propelled by some mighty power into the car, crowded with seven men and women. It carried to four persons instant death. It broke the limbs, cruelly tore the flesh, and ground into pulp the bones and muscles of a dozen or more poor souls.

Removing the Dead and Wounded.

Kedzie avenue and Eighteenth street is a lonely spot at night. There are but few houses in the vicinity. Hence the work of rescue was delayed for several minutes. Kirk Eastman was one of the first on the ground and he directed the work. With his little band of helpers the task of removing the dead and wounded was begun and very fresh arrival was pressed into service and in half an hour the ill-fated train was empty. By this time a crowd numbering 500 people had collected. The police and fire departments were quick to respond, and everything possible was done for the sufferers.

List of the Killed.

The killed are: Miss Tillie Diener, 21 years old, of 440 Ashland avenue; Miss Martha Diener, 19 years old, sister of Tillie; Theodore Berger, 18 years old, bricklayer, residing at 500 Hastings street, head crushed to pieces; Otto Schlorff, 17 years old, of 163 Center avenue, was taken to the county hospital where he died at 11:30 Monday morning; unknown man, probably 24, head crushed beyond recognition.

At noon Monday six persons had died from injuries received in the wreck. The sixth fatality was reported at the coroner's office at noon. The death was that of Minnie Pilgrim, 22 years old, who was taken to her home at 715 West Twenty-first street at midnight Sunday night.

"Morning recognized as that of Albert Otto, a boy 15 years old who resided with his parents at 250 Washburne avenue. Tillie Bart, who was supposed to be not dangerously injured, was at noon Monday in a critical condition at her home, 166 Burling street. Lena Reswig, who was thought to be in danger of death, is getting better. She is at her home, 190 Orchard street.

A WRECK ON THE WABASH.

The Disaster Results in the Death of Three Men.

NIAGA, Iowa, Sept. 22.—A wreck occurred on the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific near here about 3 o'clock Sunday morning, in which Engineer Martin Ekridge, Fireman Joseph Burke, and Brakeman R. G. Williamson were killed. The accident occurred at a trestle about 300 feet long which crosses a cut made by a creek through the hills. The bridge is at the end of a curve so sharp that a person standing 100 yards to the east can just see the end of it. The train, which consisted of seventeen loaded cars and a caboose, was just coming round this curve from the east, when the whole western half of the bridge was discovered to be a mass of flames. The brakemen were at their posts, as the grade is steep at this point, and the engineer reversed his lever, but it scarcely checked the train. The engine struck the burning chasm, while the cars were piled above it in a shapeless mass.

The Engineer's Awful Death.

Brakeman Williamson was hurled against a tree and his skull crushed so that he died in a few minutes after being found, and Engineer Ekridge was undoubtedly crushed to death in the wreck, although the body has not yet been found. Fireman Burke was found with his left hand pinned under a girder, but otherwise unhurt. Above him was a tank of oil, the lower end of which already was enveloped in flames, and he begged the conductor and rear brakeman who found him to cut off his hand as the only means of saving him from the impending explosion of the oil tank. They made a desperate effort to pull him loose, but being unable to do so finally started for an ax in the caboose, but before they could get to him the explosion took place and Burke was burned to death.

Blow the Top of His Head Off.

NEWARK, Ohio, Sept. 20.—A shocking case of self-destruction took place in McKean township, this county. Holly Houck, the 19-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Houck, while suffering with mental derangement occasioned by spinal trouble, went to his room and, taking a shotgun, placed it to his head and pulled the trigger, blowing the entire top of his head off. The report of the explosion attracted the mother, who rushed to his room to find him in the last death struggle. Sickness is the only cause assigned.

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Houdin's Domestic Contrivances.

Houdin acquired a comfortable competence by the exercise of his art, and he built a handsome villa at St. Gervais, near Blois. When he had retired from business he amused himself by introducing various curious inventions into his place and the grounds attached to it. The garden gate was situated some 400 yards from the house. A visitor had only to raise a diminutive brass knocker and let it fall upon the forehead of a fantastic face—making but a faint sound—when a large bell was set in motion in the villa.

At the same time the gate swung open automatically, the plate bearing the name "Robert Houdin" disappeared, and another took its place on which was engraved the word "Entree." When the postman delivered the letters he had brought he was instructed to drop them through a slit in the gate into the receptacle provided for this purpose. The box, directly this was done, started of its own accord on its journey to the front door of the house by means of a miniature elevated railway.

Houdin invented, too, an ingenious contrivance by which, while lying in bed, he could feed his horse in a stable fifty yards from the villa, for on touching a small button there was put in motion an apparatus that caused the exact portion of oats required for the animal's meal to fall into the manger from the granary above. By another curious piece of mechanism a little bench that stood beside a ravine in a remote part of the grounds was so constructed that immediately any person sat down upon it the machine automatically traversed a narrow bridge that spanned the gorge, and having deposited the occupant on the other side the bench returned to its original position.—Chambers' Journal.

Sweet Vengeance.

A good joke is told upon two St. Cloud gentlemen, both of whom are well known young men. One of them is a married man. The other day two young ladies from, well, it might have been Minneapolis, arrived on a visit to his wife. Soon after their arrival the two gentlemen conceived a diabolical idea. A mouse was captured and tied between the bed clothes in the apartment occupied by the visitors shortly before they retired. The reporter's informant refrained from giving the tragic details of the finding of the imprisoned animal, and it must suffice to say that it was a w-f-u-l! There was no peaceful slumber for the visitors that night, and until dawn was spent by the young ladies in deliberating upon how to avenge the above practical joke. They succeeded most admirably.

Last night the two gentlemen, who occupied the same room, retired as usual. Occasionally they would remember something about the mouse and then a sudden laughter would be heard. But suddenly everything grew still. Then there were some remarks that sounded like "cuss words," and suddenly a prolonged snuffing noise, and then the anxious listeners knew that all was over, or rather under the bed. It is explained that when the two young men proceeded to do what is commonly designated as a "night dress" no ingress or egress could be discovered. They were sealed—hermetically sealed. The crash was caused by the fragile form of a man falling to the floor through a sheet, which was mistakenly taken for a mattress. The gentleman slept upon the floor.—St. Cloud Times.

Wealth in the Watermelon.

Every season develops more and more fully the prevailing necessity for the discovery of some practical and profitable way to which the surplus melon crop may be put. Every melon left in the field at the end of the season, except for seed, represents a waste. A means by which this waste, which annually assumes enormous proportions, could be averted would no doubt be hailed with pleasure by every melon grower in the country; therefore the announcement from the Southland to the effect that such means has been discovered, if authenticated, is an important one.

The new discovery, which consists of converting the melon bulb into sirup, is alleged, will establish in the south an industry scarcely of second importance to that of producing oil from cotton seed, and the product is vouched for as being the very best ever yet made. If the report proves true, and there seems to be little or no reason for discrediting it, Mississippi and Scott counties may, with a little energy, convert that which is now absolutely valueless into profits running into the thousands.—Charleston Democrat.

Calculation on a Potato.

Did you ever calculate the value of a single potato on the basis that that single tuber was the only one left in the world?

That one would, of course, contain within itself the possibility of restocking the world with a valuable article of food. If one potato would produce when planted but ten potatoes in ten years the total product of that one potato would be 10,000,000,000, which would stock the whole world with seed. If the world were reduced to one single potato it would be better than London or Chicago be blotted from the earth than for that one tuber to be lost.—St. Louis Republic.

An Old Cemetery Found.

A cemetery of the Merovingian period has been disclosed by workmen in a railway cutting near Argenteuil, France. Two hundred and twenty tombs were brought to light. The primitive mode of confining the dead in plaster of paris was resorted to by the people who buried in this cemetery. The plaster envelopes have resisted well the action of time, it is reported, as all the skeletons were preserved.—Paris Letter.

The use of a ring at a wedding ceremony has been a custom for many years, and in many countries besides our own. In Russia two rings are used, which are changed about, each wearing both rings in turn, and finally each keeping one.

Nature's Stimulants.

Emerson, remembering the habits of conviviality to which some undergraduates succumb, once said:

"Did you ever think about the logic of stimulus? Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do if you will give her a chance. In how short a time will she revive the overworked brain! A breath under the apple tree, a siesta on the grass, a whiff of wind, an interval of retirement, and the balance and serenity are restored. A clean creature needs so little and responds so readily. There is something as miraculous as the gospels in it."

"Later in life society becomes a stimulant. Occasionally the gentle excitement of a cup of tea is needed. A mind invents its own tonic, by which, without permanent injuries, it makes rapid rallies and enjoys good moods."

"Conversation is an excitant, and the series of intoxicants it excites is healthful. But tobacco—what rude crowbar is that with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain!"

It must not be inferred from this passage that Emerson himself was a total abstainer from tobacco, though he smoked but rarely, but never until he was 50.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Warping of Wood.

As lumber is now sawn, every board but one will warp and curl up in the process of seasoning. The reason for this is plain. If the board be sawn from the side of the log the grain rings of the wood lie in circles, which have a greater length on one than upon the other side of the board. A board cut from the very center of the log has grain circles of equal length upon each side, and will lie perfectly flat when seasoned.

When selecting the lumber for a tool chest or some other fine job, pick out boards that show they came as near as possible from the center of the log. A method is in use which compensates for this tendency to curl in seasoning. This is known as quarter sawing, and quartered oak, of which so much is said at present, is sawn by this process.

It consists of cutting out boards radially from the center to the outside of the log. Suppose a log to be split into four pieces, each of these pieces is sawn diagonally, so that the grain rings run through, instead of the circles running into it, part way through and out, upon the same side of the board.—Woodworker.

The Wild West Show Abroad.

The mention of Buffalo reminds me of a shocking experience I had in Dresden. I had traveled many a weary mile (the German railways are atrocious) to see Raphael's greatest Madonna. Arrived at the Hotel Victoria—now conducted by the forty thieves of All Baba memory—and refreshed by a bountiful supper, I fell into conversation with the hotel porter, an imposing individual, splendid in gilt trappings and side whiskers and meager English. "You have a beautiful city here," I suggested, "and I am told that it is full of localities and of objects that delight and instruct alike the student and the artist. To-morrow I shall begin a careful inspection of these glories, and as I am a stranger here may I ask you to suggest what, as an American, I should first visit?"

"Ach, yah, yah," replied that intelligent creature; "I had der dickets here to sell already."

"Tickets?" I repeated. "Tickets to what?"

"To Buffalo Bill's Wild West," said he.

—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

STRANGED.

"Was yesterday—on meeting
We passed a word or two,
And parted in a moment
With but a light adieu.
My heart beat to a tune
We heard one night together
Beneath the summer moon!

A rhyme it was of Goethe's,
With mellow music blent—
"Tell me how love cometh!"
We smiled in love's content.
"And tell me how love goeth!"
Life's vision o'er us rose,
We breathed the words together
On to the tender close.

"Ah! why should I remember,
Now that the years are spent,
How, hand in hand, we echoed:
"It was not love that went?"
Like a warm zephyr straying
From out some fairer clime
Flows down the chilly distance
The music and the rhyme.

"And tell me how love goeth!"
Still, sometimes, unexpressed,
My heart calls through the silence,
When hours are loneliest
Away the thought—whatever
His life's strange meaning meant.
Too sadly I remember
"It was not love that went."

—Mary E. Thompson in New York Herald.

Superstitious Jews.

The most of the Jerusalem Jews are poor, and nine-tenths of them are surrounded by dirt and squalor. I took a little Greek boy for a guide one day and made a tour through the Jewish quarters. My Greek could talk half a dozen different languages, and we went through section after section of the city in which thousands of these Jews lived. Their houses were of stone, and they looked as though they had been dug out of a rock like cave. Whole families were living in one room of the size of a hall bedroom, and few of these rooms had any windows. Many of them opened out on little courts, and I found up two flights of stairs six families living in as many cave like rooms around a dirty little close square.

Outside of each room was a little pen in which there was a rude stove for the burning of charcoal, and in these little box like pens, only large enough for a woman to turn around in, all the cooking of the family was done. Through the center of the court ran a well which was the property of the whole community. There were no sanitary arrangements of any kind, and the smell of filth was disgusting. On the doorposts of each of these rooms was tacked a strip of parchment six inches long, on which were Hebrew characters. I asked what these meant, and was told that they represented the name of Jehovah and the ten commandments. These Jews have great faith, and they believe this parchment protects them from injury. They wear the ten commandments tied around their arms, under their clothes, and at times of worship they bind phylacteries about their foreheads. —Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

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Larimer vs. Ada P. Larimer. In Chancery.

No. 84,360.

Notice is hereby given to the said Ada P.

Larimer that the above named complain-
ant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in
said court on the chancery side thereof,
and that a summons thereupon issued out
of said court against the above named de-
fendant returnable on the first day of the
term of the Circuit Court of Cook County,
to be held at the Court House, in Chicago,
on October 1, A. D. 1890, as is by law re-
quired and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

FOOT OF 5TH STREET,

Chicago, Ill.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Cel-
ebrated Pilsener Beer.

STANLEY LAGER BEER

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 57 WASH-
INGTON ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK

September Term, A. D. 1890. George M.

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POTATOES ARE HIGH!

SO IS EVERYTHING ELSE EXCEPT

A 15-lb pail Large Family Mackerel for.....	\$1.00
Dried Lima Beans, per lb.....	8c
Dried Peaches, per lb.....	7 1/2c
Fancy Evaporated California Peaches, per lb.....	20c
A 10-lb Jar Pure Fruit Jelly for.....	65c
A 2-lb can Blueberries for.....	5c
A 3-lb can California Green Gages for.....	15c
A 3-lb can Table Peaches for.....	20c
A 3-lb can Grated Pineapples for.....	15c

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body.

Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl.....\$5.38

VEGETABLES IN TINS.

Per can Per doz	Per can Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans.....12 1/2c	\$1.45
3-lb cans Stringless Beans.....	10c
3-lb cans Baked Beans.....	15c
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes.....	15c
3-lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas.....12 1/2c	1.40
3-lb cans Solid Meat Toma- toes.....	8c
3-lb cans French Mushrooms.....	18c
3-lb cans Small French Peas.....	15c
2-lb cans Apricot Cans.....	8c
2-lb cans Princess Sugar Corn.....	9c
2-lb cans Tremaine Sugar Corn.....	10c
2-lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn.....	11c

FISH IN TINS.

1-lb cans Alaska Salmon.....	9c	10c
1-lb cans Columbia River Salmon.....	15c	16c
1-lb cans Salmon Steaks.....	19c	21c
1-lb cans Lobsters.....	21c	24c
1-lb cans Clive Oysters.....	11c	13c
2-lb cans Clive Oysters.....	17c	20c
American Sardines in oil.....	5c	5c
Mustard Sardines, large cans.....	10c	11c
Imported Sardines, in oil.....	10c	11c
1-lb cans Mackerel.....	10c	11c

FRUITS IN TINS.

Per can Per doz	Per can Per doz
2-lb cans Strawberries.....12 1/2c	\$1.50
2-lb cans Preserved Straw- berries.....	19c
3-lb cans C. Bros. Table Peaches.....	20c
3-lb cans Finest California Table Peaches.....	27c
3-lb cans California Egg Peaches.....	15c
3-lb cans California Gold Drop Pears.....	17c
3-lb cans California Green Gages.....	15c
3-lb cans California Apricots.....	31c
3-lb cans Sliced Pineapples.....12 1/2c	1.50
3-lb cans Grated Pineapples.....	15c
3-lb cans Gooseberries.....	12c

SOAPS.

40 bars Standard Family Soap for.....	\$1.00
22 bars Rabbit's Best Soap for.....	1.00
22 bars Fairbank's Santa Clara Soap.....	1.00
20 bars Werh's German Mottled Soap for.....	1.00
20 bars Best Family Soap for.....	1.00
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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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